THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Stories and Articles by

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The Young Man in the World

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

The Young Man and the Old Home

DO WE not pay so much attention to mere material success that we exclude from mind and heart other things more precious? I am anxious that every young American should win in all the conflicts of life—win in college and in business—but I am even more anxious that through all of his triumphs he should grow ever broader, sweeter and more kindly. After all, we are human beings. We do not want to be mere machines of success, do we? That is carrying our mechanical age a little too far. We want to keep that within us which makes our victory worth having after we have won it. What matter your mountains of wealth, or your network of political power, or those secrets which, in your laboratory, you have wrung from Nature—what matter all, and everything that the world calls "success," if the human quality has been dried up in you?

Those are fine things that St. Paul says about a man not amounting to anything no matter how talented and powerful he may be, if he have not charity: "And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing." Everybody points out to you what you can get out of college and how to get it, what you can get out of a career and how to get that. But, unless you want all of your getting to turn to bitter emptiness in the end, you must pay attention to that elemental manhood exalted by those beautiful moralities that you get at but one place and at but one period in this world. That period is your young manhood before you enter college, and that place is the old home where influences angelic have been at work upon your character.

It could not be otherwise. Home—the home that you leave or the home you make—is the spot where most of your life is to be spent. Home was the place of your birth. And if the Angel of Death is kind to you, home will be the place of your farewell. It is to the home that you bring life's wages, whether those wages are opulence, glory, or merely daily bread. It is the home which interprets the whole universe for you. And it is the home which not only furnishes a reason for our existence, but in itself constitutes the motive for all manly effort. Quite naturally, therefore, the home is concerned with character more than it is with grosser things.

The instruction which the true American mother gives her son is, therefore, a training in honor rather than a training in success.

Her passion for righteousness creeps into the commonplaces of her daily speech. "Be a good boy" is what she says to the little fellow each day as he starts to school; "Be a good boy" is what she says to the youth when he leaves for college; "Be a good boy" is still her sacred charge when standing at the gate she gives him her blessing as he goes out into the world; and finally, "Be a good boy" is what her lips murmur when in after years—rich, perchance, in achievement, honor, power or wealth—the man of the world returns to the old home again to get her benediction and have his weary soul refreshed by the beauty of her almost holy presence. For you never cease to be a boy to her. And her supremest wish and most passionate prayer for you is not that you shall be a strong man or a rich man or an able man—she wants you to be all these, of course, and everything that is fine—but chiefly she cares that you should be a good man.

And so it is that home is the temple of ideals, the sanctuary of the true, the beautiful and the good. Or put it in scientific phrase and say home is the laboratory of character. The home is the place where you get what the common people so pithily call your "bringing up." It is there that your conception of all human relationships is formed. It is there that it is largely determined whether you will make your life worth the living. Your future sits at the old fireside. The fate of the Nation abides beneath the rooftree. And so it is that neither college, nor market-place, nor forum, nor editor's sanctum, nor traffic of the high seas, nor anything that you may do, nor any environment that may hereafter surround you, is so important as the old home and your early years.

The American people are about to enter upon the serious problem of the regulation of railway rates, which is a beginning in some sort of the national control of transportation. It is a problem the weight and possibilities of which challenge and all but confound every thoughtful and serious mind. Every step in its solution must be taken with both wisdom and justice. Our relations with the Orient daily increase and the fixedness of our position in the Far East hourly becomes more definite. Right or wrong we are permanently established there; and the public man wears a scarf about his eyes who does not see that our historic statesmanship during this century will deal with our growing mastery of the Pacific and the weaving backward and forward across that ocean of our ever-multiplying relations with the East. Indeed, this paper might be taken up with the statement of tangled situations and deep problems which will require the combined intelligence of the Nation. Yet for the purposes of this life what are they all compared with the character of individual Americans, and therefore with the influence of the American home upon American men in the making? Gladstone stated a truth wide and vital as English institutions when he said that the relation of the Church to the youth of Great Britain was a matter of more concern than all the problems of the Empire put together.

All this is commonplace, you say. I say so too. Yet it is the commonplaces by which alone we live and move and have our being. Sunlight is commonplace and so is air. Who was it that spoke about the damnable iteration of the seasons? A storm is not commonplace, but how long could any of us live—how long would any of us choose to live—were each day and night a succession of thunder, lightning and downpour? Good citizenship is commonplace, whereas a murder mystery excites us thrillingly. Yet none of us on that account would choose the society of criminals.

It is to the elemental commonplaces that I am now going to direct your attention. The world is kept alive by its monotonies. The trouble is that the indispensable things are so inevitable and persistent that we take them for granted, and yield them neither gratitude nor even attention. Take the beauty of daylight as our illustration once more. We had it yesterday, have it to-day, have had it ever since we were born, and will have it until we die. Note, too, the eternal stability of the heavens which change not at all; or the endless pour of ocean's currents, warming certain coasts and leaving others chill. It is the same with the life intellectual and the life spiritual—only more so.

"What is the grandest thing in the universe?" asks Hugo. "A storm at sea," he answers, and continues: "And what is grander than a storm at sea? The unclouded heavens on a starry and moonless night. And what is grander than these midnight skies? The soul of man!" A spectacular climax such as Hugo loved; and still, with all its dramatic effect, the picturesque statement of a vast and mighty truth.

The home is the place where character is to be formed, and therefore its influences on "the soul of man" are like those of the sun on the body of man. Let us get to those commonplaces, therefore, at which the cynic lifts his lip, but which are worth a good deal more to you, young man, than all your achievings will be if you live to be as old as Methuselah.

As to the moralities, then, yield yourself utterly to the mother. She has an instinctive perception of righteousness as affecting your character that no other intelligence under Heaven has and that she does not have for any one else, not even for herself. She has her own way, too, of getting this nourishment of the verities into your character. It is done not so much by preaching to you or lecturing you as it is by her very presence. She carries about with her an atmosphere of sweetness and light. The mother gives to her boy a kind of unspoken counsel. It is a very subtle thing, like electricity in the material world and as powerful as that mysterious fluid. You get its effects by putting yourself eagerly and lovingly under its soothing yet ennobling and tonic influence. It is a matter hard to describe, but more real than any other human force I know of.

So the first thing for you to do is to resolve to be "Mother's own boy," as the sneering tongue of shallowness puts it, just as long as you possibly can. It will be the greatest luck you will ever have if you are able to be "Mother's own boy" as long as she lives. Don't be afraid that that will make you effeminate and soft; don't think for a moment that it will paralyze the force and power of your growing manhood. I have seen one of this kind of fellows hold in awe a mob of cowboys and plainsmen when passions were aroused and blows had already been struck. I have seen such a man put down single-handed, by word of his fearless authority, fights among a score of woodmen who had known nothing but the rank vigor of their unruled male lives.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Senator Beveridge on The Young Man in the World. The next will be published in an early number.

The man whose will and character have been tempered by this holy fire takes on something of the suppleness, hardness and firmness of a delicate steel blade that will cut the grosser iron of which that blade itself was a part before it was subjected to the refining process.

So fear not that a mother's influence will weaken you. It will do nothing of the kind. It will strengthen you. It will make you want to fight only for something worth fighting for. But when you fight for that it will make you fight to the death. And what is the use of fighting at all unless it be to the death? A brawl is not conflict and bravado is not bravery.

The Young Man's First Opportunity

IF YOUR mother wishes it, be her companion. Make her your confidant. For a young man there is no plan of safety and wisdom so abundant, pure and unfailing as that of making his mother his confessor. Tell her everything. I mean just that, tell her literally everything. Do not fear her reproof. Chemistry has no miracle a fraction as wonderful as the patience and forgiveness of a mother for the exasperations of her son. There is not a thing which you ought to do the telling of which to your mother will prevent your doing. And her counsel to you will be golden upon those purely personal matters which you could tell no one else and which no one else could understand or sympathize with.

Remember that she has the wisdom of instinct—a wisdom peculiarly worldly and practical in its applicability to real things and real situations. The advice of a wife in business affairs has this same peculiarly valuable quality quite beyond the strength of her intellect or the reach of her abstract understanding. It is the instinct to preserve the home nest which makes the business advice of the wife to the husband so priceless; and it is this same instinct, exercising itself in another form—seeking to preserve the offspring—which gives such shrewdness and depth to the counsel of the mother to the son.

This making your mother your confessor will not only keep you out of trouble and give you light and direction along lines where you otherwise will be as blind as a young puppy, but it is good for you in a far more important way—a far profounder way. I have always been impressed with the wonderful understanding of human nature and the needs of it which the institution of the confessional in the Catholic Church reveals. "No man liveth to himself alone." For the ordinary human being there is no such thing as a secret. The ordinary man who is compelled to keep everything to himself gets morbid and suspicious. He broods over what he thinks he must not utter to others. Not daring to talk with friends, he converses with himself. Thus his sympathies become narrow and his vision grows not only feeble but false. He gets the proportion of things sadly confused. Undoubtedly it is not only a relief but a real benefit to man or woman to be able to unburden the soul to some other human being whom one knows to be faithful.

And if this be the intellectual need—strong as Nature itself—of grown-up men and women, it is plain that the young man whose character is forming requires the same thing a great deal more. Very well! Your mother is the confessor, young man, which Nature has given you for this beautiful and vital purpose. Do not eat your heart out, therefore, but frankly tell her your hopes, desires, offenses, plans. Confide in her your good deeds and your bad. And she, who would give her life for you and count it the happiest thing she ever did if it would only help you, will give you the very gold of wisdom, refined and superfined by the fires of that love which burns nowhere else in the universe save in a mother's heart.

Of course, I am talking now of the ordinary American mother who is a mother in all that the term implies. We all know that there are women who have children without understanding at all—yes, or even caring at all—what motherhood means; without understanding or even caring what their duties to their children mean. As is always the case with the abnormal, these unfortunate types are found at the social extremes, in the so-called "depths" and the so-called "heights." There are women too vicious to make good mothers and women too vain to make good mothers. But these are not numerous.

What this paper is dealing with is that angel in human form that the ordinary American man knew in the old home when he was a boy. Intellectual or not, educated or not, such a mother has shaped the characters that have made the American people the noblest force for good in all the world. In her work, her prayers, her daily life, you will find the sources of all that is self-sacrificing, prudent, patriotic, brave and uplifting in American character. It is the influence of the American mother that has made the American Republic what it is; it is in her heart that our national ideals dwell.

"That is all right," said a practical-minded man, with a dash of American humor in him, in the midst of a conversation along this line—"That is all right, and I think so, too," said he, "but where does the old man come in? What about the father?" And the question is as sane as it is pat. Don't you neglect the father. He feeds you. He clothes you. He is schooling you. It is to his brain and hand, and the wisdom and skill of them, that you are indebted for the college education you are going to get.

Your First and Greatest Chance

A FATHER is an opportunity—a young man's first opportunity in life and the greatest opportunity he will ever have. That father has made lots of mistakes in his life; but you will never make the mistakes he made if you will listen to him. He has made many successes in life; but his successes are only the acorns to the oaks of your deeds if you will but take his words as seed for your future enterprises.

And let me tell you this: Nothing makes so good an impression upon the world which is watching you—watching you very cunningly, young man—as to be on good terms with your father. I have known more than one young man to be discredited in business because it was generally understood that he "could not get along with the old man." You see, the world thinks that it is the boy's fault when there is friction between father and son—and ordinarily the world is right. Sometimes, of course, the world itself "cannot get along with father." In such cases, it does not blame the son for not getting along with him, either. But that is not your situation, you who read this paper.

"How does —— get along with his father?" was asked of a certain young man of great distinction in letters. "Oh, they are great friends," was the answer. "Friends through duty or comradery?" persisted the querist. "Comradery, affection, affinity. They are the greatest chums in the world," was the answer.

I wish I could give you the name of that man. It is known in every civilized country. No wonder he became the great power into which he developed. His whole life was a blessing and a benediction to all with whom he came in contact—parents, wife, children, countrymen, the world. No wonder his brain was canny with resourceful wisdom; no wonder that good red human blood poured at full tide through artery and vein. The man I have in mind and whom I am describing is a great man, and his father before him was a great man, too. His success has been monumental.

Yet his is no candy manhood. His is no smooth conduct. He is "neither sugar nor salt nor somebody's honey" to get down—or up—to the picturesque phrase of the common people and the common household. He is the sort of man who would confound the sharp practice of the crafty; or "call the bluff" of a financial gamester; or walk unconcerned where physical danger calls for nerve of steel and lion's heart; or fling at the affected fop a rapier sentence that cuts deep through the very quick of his pretenses. I cite this example merely to show you that you lose nothing of independence or daring or any of those qualities which young men so prize—and properly prize—by being on terms of intellectual and heart partnership with your father.

Don't tell us that he won't let you be on that kind of terms. Show yourself willing and *worth while* and your father would rather spend his extra hours with you than at the theatre. But you have got to show yourself worth while. No whining willingness, no soft and pretended desire, no affected "making up to the Governor" will answer at all. You have got to "make good" with the American father. He has "been through the mill" until the softness is pretty well ground out of him and little remains but the sheer and granite-like muscle of manhood. He is a pretty stern proposition; and if there is anything he won't stand it is pretension, make-believe. But show yourself worthy of him and willing for his comradeship and you have begun life with the best, readiest, bravest partner you will ever have.

From all of this you have yourself deduced the fact that you do not "know more than the old folks." If you have not, go ahead and deduce it right now. For you do *not* know more than they do. They have lived so much longer than you have that the accretion of daily experience has given them a variety of information beside which your book-knowledge is a sort of wooden learning, lifeless and artificial. The very fact that they have had you for a child and brought you along safely thus far is proof enough of this. You have no right to challenge the knowledge or judgment of either of your parents until you demonstrate that you can do as well or better than they. And that will be some years yet, will it not? No, decidedly, don't "get too smart for father!"

The Grace of Gratitude

EVEN if you really do know more than they, don't let either of the old folks see that you think so. That attitude on your part is almost indecent. Be grateful also. It is a singular thing that where young men have everything to be thankful for they are seldom grateful. When parents can surround them with every comfort and make what are luxuries to the millions necessities to their children; when the youth is furnished clothes made by the tailor and money to spend as he will, and special schools and the most expensive university; when he is given vacations at the seashore, in the mountains, at the lake, or abroad, instead of at good hard work as the sons of the people must spend their vacations; when a year or two of travel follows his day of easy graduation; when all is his that money, thought and love can give, do we not frequently find the young man unappreciative of and ungrateful for these blessings? Such a man too often takes it for granted that he ought to have all these things and a good deal more; that they are his as a matter of course and no thanks due to those who gave them; that they are not much after all compared with what some other fellow with a richer father and a mother still more doting has and spends.

There are some exceptions to this—notable and splendid exceptions; but they are so few that they prove the rule. On the other hand, it is generally true that young fellows who, in comparison to the class just described, have nothing to be thankful for; who must earn their own bread and "help support the family"; who "work their way through college," and, during vacations, put in a good year's labor to get the money for the next college year; who, the day after graduation, thin as a wolf and as hardy,

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The Pneumogastric Nerve

By Morgan Robertson

A Story of Physical Pressure and Moral Reaction Afloat

A "HELL-SHIP" had come into port with the usual tale of scurvy, starvation and inhuman treatment of sailors, and four members of the New York Yacht Club sat at a table in the clubhouse grill-room discussing the case. One was a doctor, another an officer in the navy, a third a lawyer and attorney for the Seaman's Branch of the Legal Aid Society, and the fourth a shipowner. He was a young man just come into his property, a line of sailing craft not a stick of which he had ever laid eyes upon. But he had talked with some of his captains, and he shared, and now voiced, their hearty disapproval of the Seaman's Law lately enacted, which was designed by its framers to mitigate the very evils that were under discussion.

"It's nonsense," he had declared, when the talk was of the new—and very generous—scale of provisions provided by the law, which the consideration of starvation and scurvy naturally led to. "It's a fool law, and will be repealed. Why, no sailor can eat a quarter of the allowance, yet he can claim it as part of his pay, nibble at it, and throw it overboard, then claim more at the next meal."

Allerton contested this according to his lights as a lawyer, with a landsman's appetite, and the talk went on to the matter of abuse and maltreatment of men before the mast.

"Well, what are you going to do?" said Beresford, sternly inspecting their interested faces. "Here's a hundred thousand dollars' worth of property a thousand miles from land, in charge of one captain and a couple of mates, with twenty ignorant, irresponsible toughs in the forecastle ready to mutiny at any time. Going to let them take charge, or will you knock 'em down with a handspike when they show their teeth? What *will* you do under the circumstances? Come now, put yourself in the captain's place."

"That is what *you* are doing," said Allerton dryly. "Try and put *yourself* in the sailor's place."

But Beresford found this impossible. He was a big young man, clean-cut, competent—mentally and physically—and confident. His handsome face alert, and his eyes shining with enthusiasm, he went on defending his position, while the faces of the doctor and commander took on a bored expression, and Allerton grew dark with suppressed anger.

When the crimping system was reached the discussion grew warm.

"I tell you," asserted Beresford, mildly pounding the table, "no sane, sober man, minding his own business, can be kidnaped in the streets of New York and taken to sea. Why, what is our splendid police force for, if not to prevent such lawlessness?"

"Beresford," said Allerton hotly, "you deserve to be shanghaied yourself! It would do you good."

"It can't be done," answered Beresford defiantly. "I'm not a drinking man. I keep away from the slums and questionable places. I'm a trained athlete, able to take care of myself. I cannot be drugged if I do not drink, nor sandbagged if I watch out."

"A man can be rendered unconscious," said the doctor gently, "without the use of drugs or force."

"How?" asked Beresford.

"Stimulation of the pneumogastric nerve."

"What and where is it?"

"It is the most complex nerve in the body. It is motor, sensory and inhibitory at once. It arises in the medulla oblongata between the olivary and restiform bodies, passes through the jugular foramen, down through the thorax, to the——"

"Whew!" exclaimed the excited Beresford. "Pass it up, doctor! And Allerton"—he turned to the angry lawyer—"even though the police were negligent and a man were smuggled aboard ship against his will, have we no navy? Could not the ship be ——"

"Beresford," interrupted Allerton haltingly, too incensed to be civil or coherent, "if I did not know you were perfectly sober I would—why, man, you talk like a ——" He paused, and, when more composed, turned to the doctor. "Isn't that nerve one of the vital points played on by the Japanese in their Jiu Jitsu?"

"Yes, the Japs are wonderful anatomists—but really, gentlemen, I ought not to say more. It is against all medical ethics to make known the vital places of the human body. Even the Japanese instructors do not teach the whole science outside of Japan. Think of the murders that could be committed, with not an external sign of violence."

"And, Captain," continued Allerton, a curious light in his keen eyes, "how about that navy of ours? Could you catch a ship with that floating express train you command, and take a man out of her?"

"A torpedo-boat destroyer," answered the officer slowly, "can catch any ship that floats. As to leaving port and chasing her, why, that would require authority from Washington."

"Beresford," said Allerton, "Glasgow Mike, down in Cherry Street, can shanghai the—I was going to say the President of the United States, but he is too well guarded. He can shanghai the Governor of the State, however, or the Mayor of New York, or you."

"I'll bet you ten thousand dollars," shouted Beresford, "that he can't."

Allerton half rose to his feet to answer this, but a waiter handed him a card, and he sat down.

"Well, speak of the devil," he said, as he read the card. "Michael McSorley, 710 Cherry Street. This is telepathy, surely! He must have asked for me about the moment I thought of him. The fact is, gentlemen, I've got Mike on the run for a little job of this kind that he pulled off last summer, and he's anxious. Wants a stay, I suppose. Excuse me while I see him."

He was gone about ten minutes, and when he returned his late anger had left him.

"Had some trouble," he said quietly, "in getting rid of Mike. He's badly frightened."

"Why shouldn't he be?" said the irrepressible Beresford.

"But he is not afraid of your immaculate police, Beresford. He's afraid of me."

"He's afraid of any sober, healthy man that minds his own business. All this talk of shanghaing men is flubdub."

"Is it?" answered Allerton quickly. "And will you still bet ten thousand dollars that a sober, healthy, athletic American citizen, fully warned, cannot be abducted in the streets of New York and sent to sea before the mast?"

"Meaning myself?" queried Beresford.

"Yourself."

"I do. Police or no police, I am safe from that."

"I take your bet, Beresford. The Legal Aid Society needs your money, and permits me control of the funds. It has sufficient influence at Washington to start Captain Baker after you. Got your check-book with you?"—Allerton produced one of his own—"I wager ten thousand dollars of the Society's funds against your ten thousand that within two weeks you will wake up in the forecastle of an out-bound American ship. Doctor Benson can hold the stakes."

Open-eyed, and slightly taken aback by Allerton's earnestness, Beresford mechanically drew forth a check-book, and in a minute, to the music of scratching fountain pens, twenty thousand dollars of the national wealth concentrated on that small table. The doctor signed two receipts and pocketed the checks. Then a waiter handed him a slip of paper and he arose.

"Sick-call," he said laconically. "Good-evening, gentlemen. I will deposit the money and pay it to the winner." He left them.

Then another waiter called Captain Baker to the telephone, and he, too, took his departure, leaving Beresford and Allerton together. The conversation was naturally a little strained, while it lasted, and soon Allerton arose, pleading a theatre engagement, and left Beresford alone at the table.

Beresford looked at the receipt for ten thousand dollars given him by the doctor and put it away in his pocket-book. He lighted a cigar and smoked it out; then, a little lonely and out of sorts, he sought company, wandering through the dining-room, model-room and the reception-rooms. In the billiard-room he found it and used up the evening at the tables with men he hardly knew. At eleven o'clock he was tired of knocking balls about, tired of his own thoughts, and especially tired of his anger toward Allerton. He went to the cloak-room, procured his hat and overcoat, and went out into the street.

He had his choice of three objectives—Fifth Avenue to the east, with Delmonico's, Sherry's and four clubs of which he was a member to entertain him; brilliantly lighted Broadway to the west with its crowd of theatre-goers seeking supper after the play; and his apartments across the street in the Royalton. It was a dark night, but the electric lights made it almost like day. Men and women, in pairs and alone, were passing by on both sides, and, just removed from the clubhouse entrance, a disconsolate horse that was attached to an express wagon waited patiently with drooping head. Beresford looked to

the right and left, at the wayfarers and at the horse. Nothing determined him where to go; but as he stood debating with himself something heavy landed on his shoulders, a blinding, paralyzing agony of pain shot through his whole body, but found its acme of sensation in his throat; and before he could call out—before he could reach his hands up to the seat of the terrible pain, all power of utterance and volition left him, and with reeling senses he sank downward. Then he felt himself lifted from the ground by a force he could not resist, whirled end over end in air, and the next thing he knew he was flat on his back in the express wagon, still without power of speech or movement, and with an evil, Asiatic face bending over him. Then came the horrid, racking pain once more, and consciousness left him.

He wakened a few times, at intervals of what seemed years to him, just sufficiently to hear the rumble and rattle of the wagon on the paving-stones, and to see the evil face above him; but each time came back the pain—and oblivion. Then he wakened once more, long after, in semi-darkness, with a flaring light in his half-opened eyes, a sound of washing water in his ears, and the evil face gone with its accompanying rack of pain. He was still on his back, but with power of movement now; and he rolled over toward the source of the light—a flickering naked flame from a hanging oil lamp. It swayed to and fro, showing rows and tiers of shelf-like structures between two of which was a face with closed eyes, turned his way, and but partly illumined by the unsteady light. Yet he recognized it—the face that had hovered over him.

He rose to a sitting posture and bumped his head on the broad shelf above. It brought an involuntary groan to his vocal organs, but no sound responded. Then distant shouts came to his ears, and a voice near by roared: "Overhaul that clewline!" He noticed chests on the floor, and oilskin clothing hanging between the shelves. He was in a ship's forecastle, at sea. And the only other occupant of the forecastle was the man in the bunk opposite, asleep or unconscious, as he had been himself. He rolled out of the berth, just a little weak in the knees, and, approaching the sleeper, endeavored to speak. He was dumb!

II

WITH perspiration rolling down his face, Beresford stood for a moment trying to realize his situation. Little by little it came to him. Allerton, whom he had angered by his bragging, had won; he had arranged his reprisal while interviewing Glasgow Mike, and had taken his bet later—betting on a sure thing. Mike, who could shanghai the Governor of the State, had shanghaied him. But how? What was the power that had overcome him, a sober, intelligent man, fully warned?—No, he was not warned; the two weeks' time-limit was a trick to mislead him. It had thrown him off his guard. He had been duped, overpowered, abducted and deprived of the faculty of speech. But how? Could this man before him explain? He had been concerned in it. In a frenzy of rage, Beresford seized the sleeper by the shoulder and half pulled him from the bunk.

"Wake up!" he strove to say, but the words would not come.

In his extremity of emotion he reverted to the inarticulate Age of Stone, and, exerting his strength, dragged the unconscious man from the bunk to the floor, and stood over him, raging and grimacing, trying to enunciate the dumb desire of his heart.

The sleeper struggled to his feet, and looked at Beresford with beady eyes almost hidden by half-closed slanting lids. Then, as the dazed brain behind them wakened, they opened wide, wandering around the forecastle, and finally returning to Beresford's working face with the glitter of a rage that matched his own. He was a small man, dressed in greasy rags, and of unmistakable Japanese extraction. Yet there was other blood in his veins; he was sunburned, but not yellow, and when his words came forth they came tinged with a decided Irish brogue.

"How d'd I git here?" he demanded fiercely. "This your work, or Mike's? You were the man wanted, an' I got ye; but what am I shanghaied fur?"

Unable to speak, Beresford reached for his notebook to write his thoughts; but the notebook was not there—neither was the pocket that had held it, and he noticed that he was clad in rags as dirty, tarry and filthy as the other's.

"Oh, yer it, all right!" remarked the other scornfully. "Yer travelin' on a through ticket, now, fur Hongkong an' a market, in one o' the Beresford ships, an' they're the hottest out o' New York."

One of his own ships! Then his problem was solved. Beresford started for the open forecastle door, but the half-breed called to him:

"Can Ye Talk Yet, Mr. Beresford?"

"What ye goin' out there fur? Lookin' fur trouble? Wait till it comes. Say, I'm on to Mike's move. You're one o' them swell mugs, an' I'm the man that done the job. But Mike's dead leary; the Legal Aid lawyer is camped on his trail, an' Mike wants to cover up his tracks in this job. That's why he gets rid o' me. Hold on."

Not quite agreeing with the explanation, and being in a hurry to see the captain, Beresford had turned to go, but he paused at the door.

"There's no use o' you an' me workin' crossways!" continued the Jap. "I got ye, but I wuz workin' for Mike. He got me, an' put me next to ye. Now, I'm just the mon to remimber it, an' you an' me an' the Legal Aid lawyer can sind him up the river if we hold ——"

"You two stiffs waked up? Hey!" interrupted a thundering voice at the door. "Come out o' that an' turn to!" Then followed a blast of profane abuse from a big, bearded man peering into the forecastle.

Beresford would have explained, had he been able to speak and been allowed the time, but both speech and time were denied him; the big man—bigger than himself—collared and pulled him through the door, giving him a kick as he came that sent him headlong to the deck without. He arose maddened with pain, and would have taken issue with the big man at once had not the latter been fully engaged with the Jap. The two were at the door, locked tightly, the Jap lifted from his feet by his big antagonist; and they began whirling and reeling about the deck, while men gathered around in the darkness, watching, but not interfering. Beresford decided to settle with the big man later—after he had arranged matters with the captain—and he started aft; but as he went he heard the angry, strident voice of the Jap:

"I tell ye, I'll have none o' this! I'm up against it an' here to stay—no wan knows it better than mesilf—but ye'll kape yer dom hands off me!"

Beresford did not stop. He had a yachtsman's knowledge of sailing-craft; he knew that the captain was in the cabin, or above it, and he raced aft, passing a few dark figures hurrying forward, and burst into the forward cabin door, that opened from the high structure directly upon the main deck. Here, in the passage between the two mates' rooms, he found his way blocked by a man in a white apron, who, demoralized though he was, Beresford knew was the steward.

"Here, you can't come in here! Get out on deck, or I'll call the mate."

Beresford frantically grimaced in the effort to speak, and pointed at his mouth.

"I can't help it! Wait till breakfast-time—or is it a drink you're looking for? You'll get nothing here. Clear out, or I won't bother to call the mate."

He gave Beresford a push that was almost a blow, then whirled him around and followed with another that sent him violently against the edge of the opened door. It was too much for the enraged and afflicted Beresford, and the next moment the steward was flat on his back, groaning with pain, and his employer was kneeling on his stomach, pounding his face with all the power of his fists. He pounded too hard; the steward emitted an unearthly screech, then was silent, and Beresford, ceasing hostilities to investigate, had just time to notice that the steward's mouth was wide open, as though he were resenting the assault by "making a face," when he was lifted to his feet and thrown bodily out of the door by a man bigger than the one that had pulled him out of the forecastle.

"What the h—l are you doing in this cabin?" said the newcomer. "Steward, what's the matter with *you?* What's that man want in here? Can't you take care o' yourself? Get up!"

Beresford, scrambling to his feet in the outer darkness, his insane rage partly expended upon the steward, looked into the dimly-lighted passage and took account of the size and the might of the man leaning over the steward. He was bareheaded and clad in pajamas, as though roused from his berth—a giant of a man, perfectly bald on the top of his head, with a bristling mustache and a broad, thick nose. This much Beresford had perceived, when his attention was attracted to men coming in the darkness, bearing a burden. "Lift his head higher," said a voice. "Take hold of his head, there, one of you. Mr. Boyd's knocked out, captain."

"What's that?" inquired the giant, stepping out. Beresford had never seen this one of his captains; he drew back in the crowd of men.

"He's done up, sir," answered the man who had spoken—evidently an officer. "He was having a run-in with one o' the two dopes that came out at the last minute, and—according to the men—just dropped down and lay quiet. Must ha' bust a blood-vessel, sir."

"Put him in his bunk. Steward—oh, the steward's got a broken jaw! Where's that man that did it?" Beresford shuffled still farther back into the crowd. "Go get the Jap, Mr. Smith."

"Yes, sir," and Mr. Smith started forward.

"And where's that four-legged swab that had the steward down?" The captain approached man after man, and they all shrank away, giving semblance and color to Beresford's own evasion of the interview that he had sought. He was calmer now—he would wait until calmness came to the captain. So he scurried forward—a few others with him—and halted near the forward house, where Mr. Smith had found the Jap. "Come on, come on!" he was saying. "You're wanted."

"All right, I told ye. I'll come—but kape yer hands off me."

Mr. Smith chose to ignore this very reasonable demand.

"What?" he roared. "None o' your lip!"

Beresford saw him launch his fist toward the face of the Jap, and follow with a vigorous lunge of his whole body; but what happened was indistinguishable in the darkness, only—Mr. Smith seemed to keep going on, rising slightly over the crouching figure of the Jap, and describing a trajectory that landed him heavily, a quivering, grunting mass, just about where, had his blow impacted, he might have expected to send the Jap.

"I tell ye," yelled the latter, "I'll have none of it! Kape yer hands off me!"

They crowded around the prostrate figure, quiet and still now, then scattered away; for the big man in pajamas had bounded among them and was stooping over it. He rose up with a bellow of rage.

"Who did this?" he shouted. "Where's the man?"

"Right here," answered the Jap bravely. "I warned him."

"Hold your hands up, over your head!" commanded the captain, approaching him. "Up with them, and march aft—quick, or I'll shoot you dead! This is mutiny!"

Beresford saw the glint of a pistol in the captain's hand, saw the two arms of the Jap lift in the air—and melted farther away into the darkness. This night things were happening beyond his philosophy.

"Carry the second mate aft to his room, four of you," said the captain. "And, carpenter! Where's the carpenter?"

"Yes, sir," answered a man from the group.

"Bring a pair of irons aft from the carpenter-shop, and stand by. The rest o' you men—stay forrard, or I'll lay you dead on the deck."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Now, march, you yellow dog."

The procession moved aft—the unconscious officer carried by four bearers, the Jap with his hands up, the captain with leveled pistol, and, somewhat in the rear, the carpenter, hurrying along with jingling irons. Beresford remained forward with the rest, dumb, dazed with new sensations, and filled with a growing respect for the doughty Jap and for the mighty man in pajamas who could conquer him.

But his respect for the captain changed to fear before daylight.

He did not go aft again; with both mates and the steward disabled, the captain was, perhaps, not in the most approachable frame of mind, and Beresford remained forward, mingling with the men and listening to their

comments—which were valueless to him—and occasionally closing his ears against a harrowing shriek of pain coming from the neighborhood of the poop. "Triced up by the fall o' the cro'-jack buntline," was the explanation offered by one of the men who had carried the second mate aft, and Beresford could see, dimly in the dark, a figure whirling and swaying across the deck from rail to rail as the ship rolled, and, once in a while, bumping in transit against the mizzenmast.

Beresford was overcome. The fury that had expended itself upon the steward would not come back. His vocal organs, in some mysterious way, were paralyzed—he could neither ask nor answer questions; he did not know what time it was, the name of the ship or the name of the captain. Men spoke to him, peered into his face as he grimaced, and turned away. Some cursed him, and one or two threatened him. Nowhere was there paper and pencil wherewith he could write his explanation. He stood alone, ragged and forlorn—outcast from men ragged as himself. There being none to gainsay him, discipline being suspended for the night, he crept into the forecastle bunk he had occupied, and went to sleep.

III

HE WAS wakened by conversation. The forecastle was crowded with men, each with tin pot and pan, mustering around a huge coffee-pot and a smoking dish of hash. Another man appeared in the door with a dishpan full of bread, and another with a large, square can of butter.

"Ah, ha!" said one, stabbing at the hash with a large spoon. "This is the stuff! No more starvation in the Beresford ships. Tater hash—d'ye see it? Taters, and soft tack. That's the new law."

"But don't der new law say someding about tricin' oop men?" asked a German of the crowd. "I t'ink der skipper kill dot fellar. When I take der wheel he yell—Oh, my golly! Der blood run down his arms."

"Wrist irons too small," said another—an Irishman. "If they're big enough they slip up to the knuckles; but small 'uns catch the wrist bone. Well, he brought it on himself."

"Da's right," said a Frenchman of the crew as he reached for the coffee-pot. "Ze cook say ze mate him cannot breathe. An' ze zecon' mate—he head broke; he cannot think. An' ze steward—he jaw broke. Who broke zat jaw?"

"Dunno. Wasn't the Jap," said the first speaker. "He was forrard. Some 'un in th' other watch. What'll the skipper do—the two mates knocked out and the steward? He'll have to stand both watches an' make his own bed, too. Gimme some coffee. Hello, dummy, are you alive? Get down here. Where's yer pot an' pan?"

Beresford had clambered down from the bunk. He had no pot and pan but they found him both, and fed him. He was ravenous, yet it was with the utmost difficulty that he forced some of the food down his throat. It was salt beef hash with onions—a rare dish at sea, but coarse fare for him; and there was no milk in the coffee, nor knives, nor forks—nor a table.

Yet the repast strengthened him, giving him courage and energy to seek and procure a pencil and scrap of paper, with which he could communicate his plight to the captain. Again he started off to interview him, and this time succeeded; but it was an unpleasant experience.

The captain, fully dressed now, and with an angry, anxious face, was driving the manacled Jap down the poop steps as Beresford drew near the cabin. He paid no attention to Beresford, but followed the Jap and halted him near the cabin door. The wrists of the latter were a horrible sight, swollen, macerated and red with congealed blood, fresh drops of which now fell to the deck. His yellow face was ghastly and drawn with pain; his beady eyes sparkled with suppressed fury that showed no abatement when they rested for a moment on Beresford. But he shrank before the huge captain in genuine fear.

"Steward!" called the captain through the doorway. "Come out here and identify this man."

"I told ye, captain," groaned the suffering wretch, "that I nivver saw the steward. Some one else did him up."

"But you did up my two mates, dash you! If you can do that you can do more."

"I wuz forrard, captain. I cuddent git aft. How cud I?"

"I'll see. I'll see when the steward turns out. How do you do these things—a monkey like you?"

"I did nothin' to any o' them, sorr. One o' them dragged me out o' the forecastle, and wuz chokin' me when he fell down. The other come for me, and fell over me. It wuzzent my fault."

"What in thunder do *you* want?" Beresford had offered the captain his slip of paper, which he accepted and read aloud as follows:

> I am George Beresford, the owner of the ship, shanghaied and made dumb by the Japanese you are punishing. Turn the ship back and land me.

"Well, I'll be dashed!" said the captain as his eyes ran up and down Beresford's ragged physique. "What lunatic are you?"

Beresford's face was one that needed the embellishment of good clothing to bring out its natural intelligence and refinement; and it was now distorted with emotion and the pain in his throat, as well as grimy with dirt. He looked every inch the victim of poverty, ignorance and drink; and his handwriting, none too good at its best, was not improved by writing with a stub pencil against the side of the forward house.

Literally Wiping the Deck with Him

"That's a lie, captain!" said the Jap. "How cud I shanghai him? I'm shanghaied mesilf. I wuz Glasgow Mike's cook, an' he had a grudge agin me."

"Can you cook?" inquired the captain, ignoring Beresford for the moment.

"Yes, sorr. I've been steward deep water, but I got a job ashore with Mike."

"I've got to keep you in irons," said the captain thoughtfully, "where you can't hurt my two precious mates, or else make use of you. The steward's no good for a month. Will you keep your hands off people and take care of my cabin if I unlock you?"

"Yes, sorr. I'd rather be aft than 'fore the mast."

"We—wait——" The steward, with his jaw bound up, had appeared at the door. "Here, steward, is this the man that broke your jaw?" He pointed at the Jap, but the steward, mumbling incoherently—nearly as dumb as was Beresford—advanced slowly, as though every movement was pain to him, and pointing with left forefinger at his bandaged face, pointed with the other at Beresford, but did not get too close to him.

"Oh-ho!" said the captain. "You're the man, hey? Well, inasmuch as I can't make any use of a dumb lunatic, into irons you go."

Before Beresford could get away he had seized him by the collar. Then, fishing a key from his pocket he removed the bloody irons from the wrists of the Jap—who smiled sweetly, though his eyes still sparkled—and clapped them on to the wrists of his captive. Beresford could not speak nor utter a sound; he could not escape nor resist that powerful giant, and at the end of his long arm he was marched up the poop steps, aft and up another pair to the top of the house. Here the captain bent the end of a rope to the shackle of the irons, then, pulling on the other part, lifted him off his feet; and Beresford knew the sensations of being "triced up."

But it did not last long—not long enough to reduce him to unconsciousness. The ship still rolled before the heavy, following sea that had swung the Jap from rigging to rigging, but not so much; and though Beresford went six feet to starboard and port, and struck the mast occasionally in transit, and though the muscles of his arms and shoulders felt toward the last as though they were being torn from his body, yet his suffering was not great enough to make him cry out even had he been articulate; and the irons did not cut quite through the skin of his wrists.

The dumb misery of the captive's face must, however, have appealed to the captain when that officer came up, picking his teeth, after breakfast. He lowered Beresford, cast off the rope, and, leaving the irons on, secured him in the lazaret—the 'tween-deck storeroom just abaft the cabin trunk. Here Beresford reclined on new canvas and rope, easing the strain on his aching muscles, and busy with unspeakable thoughts, until noon, when the half-breed Jap, spick and span in new slops and a long white apron, brought him his dinner. It was boiled salt beef, pea soup, potatoes and bread, with a pannikin of water.

"Ye're not gettin' the full whack, 'cause yer in irons," said the new steward. "How d'ye like it, Mr. Beresford?"

Beresford's eyes opened wide.

"Oh, I'm on to ye; and if ye hadn't ha' made that break I wudden't ha' t'run ye down—see? But I had troubles o' me own, without ownin' up to shanghain' the owner."

Beresford worked his fingers on his knees, imitating the motion of writing. And, as though the Jap had anticipated the request, he—first peeping up through the hatch—produced a pencil and piece of paper. Beresford took it and wrote:

"If you know me state your knowledge to the captain."

"Not much, I won't," said the Jap when he had read it. "D'ye think I want to take yer place?"

"I will reward you richly," wrote Beresford, "if you will prove my identity. I own this ship."

"An' that's why I wudden't trust ye," said the Jap. "Yer a shipowner. How'd it be if the skipper'd believed ye on deck last night? No, Mr. Beresford, I'll give ye state's evidence all right, whin ye land Mike in court; but it's no good now."

Beresford wrote: "You made me dumb. Can you cure me?"

"Made ye dumb!" read the Jap thoughtfully. "Yes, but it's better than what the mate got, or what the skipper *will* get"—his eyes blazed with sudden fury, then deadened to their dull glitter—"but ye'll be able to talk after a while, Mr. Beresford. It's the pneumogastric nerve, and ye can't tell how it'll hit ye. The mate got it worse than you, though I only had him a second or so. He can't swallow, nor talk, and he can hardly breathe."

"And the second mate?" scribbled Beresford, his interest aroused by the strange creature's admissions.

"That mutt?" said the Jap scornfully. "His skull's cracked. I give 'im de shoinage. I t'run 'im over me head."

Then he deftly twisted the pencil from Beresford's fingers, and, rolling the piece of paper into a ball, took his

departure. And Beresford, trying to eat his dinner, and trying to remember what Doctor Benson had said about Jiu Jitsu and the pneumogastric nerve, must needs fail in both, and content himself with the comfort contained in the promise that he would ultimately recover his speech.

In the afternoon the captain dropped his huge bulk down the hatch and released him, though leaving the irons on his wrists. "Come on, here," he said, as he hoisted himself through the hatch. "Come and get your exercise. Under the law I've got to stand watch, navigate, nurse, and turn you out to grass!" Beresford followed him up the hatch. "Get down on the main deck!" continued the captain, giving him a shove along the alley; "there with the other stiffs. Don't hurt 'em. I'm too tired and sleepy to take care of them."

He drove Beresford, grimacing and gesticulating, down to the main deck, where, sitting erect on a stool in a sunny spot, was the big first mate, with utter agony in his face and eyes, breathing spasmodically—about twice a minute. The second mate lay on a cot, with head bandaged, eyes closed, and face the color of a dead man's; but he was breathing regularly. The steward was there, on his feet, moving around among them, and mumbling incoherently—his broken jaw firmly encased in plaster. He looked darkly at Beresford as he passed.

The captain led the end of a royal buntline twice around Beresford's waist, tied a hitch and belayed the bight, giving him about ten feet of slack.

"There, now," he growled as he turned away. "Walk up and down. Don't play rough. Speak kindly to your playmates—the pack o' lookin'-glass scrappers. Nice mates I've got! If it wasn't for the owner I'd turn back and drop the whole bunch o' you on Fire Island!"

Beresford, abducted, robbed of speech and identity, and shocked almost out of his individuality by the harshness of his new environment, was now amenable to any suggestion, and he began walking up and down, forward and aft, to the full length of his tether, even obeying the other suggestion to "speak kindly" to the extent of *looking* kindly on the other three wrecks. But the steward was not a mind-reader, nor so amenable to suggestion, and, though he joined Beresford in walking the deck, he was influenced by his own unforgiving thought, which, at a moment when the captain was facing the other way on the poop, found its expression in as vicious a kick at Beresford as he could launch without jarring his broken jaw too painfully. Beresford dodged, walked forward and waited, wondering in a dazed manner just what was required of him, while the steward moved aimlessly around the deck, and the captain paced the poop. As he turned he saw Beresford standing still—and the ethics of the sea require that sailors in irons be exercised.

"Walk up and down, there," he roared, "or I'll put you back in the barn! What are y' out here for, anyhow?"

Beresford resumed his walk. "Faster!" bawled the captain, and he increased his speed. "Faster, faster!" came the thundering tones. "Trot, you infernal son of a shipowner!"

Beresford's heart bounded at the epithet, so often in the speech of seamen, but the momentary hope aroused by it dwindled, and he trotted up and down, dragging his rope along the deck, getting the exercise that he really needed to arouse him, but conscious mainly of suppressed and derisive laughter from some of the men at work in the rigging, and of the darkling looks of the steward. This stricken man strolled around, and at another favorable moment caught Beresford on the turn with a kick that was not dodged. Beresford gripped his ankle with both manacled hands and threw him to the deck; then began gathering him in, hand over hand, inch by inch; and when he had him by the collar he applied the strength that had not abated, and the fury born of his wrongs, tempered only by the sense of pain in his throat. Though he spared that fractured jaw, he pummeled and kicked every other part of the steward's body, thrashing him around at arm's length—literally wiping the deck with him, while his own frantic grimacing and the steward's inarticulate moaning aroused peals of laughter from the men. Then came another roar from the poop, and the captain bounded down the steps. In a moment he had Beresford by the collar, and the performance was repeated.

"Well—dash you!" said the captain at last, panting from his exertions, and with his bristling mustache sticking

(Continued on Page 15)

A Dip in the Old Swimmin' Hole

By Edwin L. Sabin

As You Used to Take it with Hen and Billy and the Other Boys

THE sun was laying a fervid course higher and higher athwart the bending blue; in household kitchens was the odor of sassafras tea—and in your mouth the taste of it; the air was humid, the earth was mellow, winter flannels a sticky burden, shoes burning shackles; snakes had long been out, and turtles were emerging, to bask, and to pop in, as of old, with exasperating freedom; you yearned to follow them.

The water *looked* warm. Snoopie Mitchell, always authority on everything, bluffly asserted that it *was* warm. But Snoopie appeared to have a hide impervious to discomfort. Snoopie did as he pleased, and nothing ever hurt him, notwithstanding. Sometimes you wished that your father and mother would observe, and learn, to your profit.

"Dare you to go in swimmin'!" volunteered Billy Lunt, that hot spring noon, when it seemed to you that you must burst out of your smothering clothes as a snake out of his skin.

"Aw, we ain't afraid; are we, Hen?" you answered promptly, enrolling Hen for support.

"No. We'll go if you will," retorted Hen.

"Snoop Mitchell—he's been in an' he says it's dandy," informed Billy.

Of course! That Snoopie! He was well named.

"Aw—I bet he ain't, just the sam-ee," you faltered enviously.

"He has, too. You ask him, now."

And Snoopie at the moment opportunely sauntering near, Billy hailed him:

"Snoopie! Ain't you been in swimmin' already?"

Snoopie grandly nodded, and nonchalantly spat betwixt two front upper teeth.

"Course I have," he answered. "Ain't you kids been in yet? Aw, gee!"

"Was it warm?" you inquired humbly.

"Jus' right. Makes you feel fine. We go in every day, about—me an' Red Cary."

That settled it. The swimming season had opened.

During the afternoon at school you and Hen and Billy were in an ecstatic tremor. From behind his geography Billy darted into sight two fingers, you responded, daringly, with two fingers, and Hen telegraphed quick accord with like two fingers—the mysterious "V" sign of the Free Masonry of swimmers.

Teacher saw, and frowned; but "teacher," by reason of her limitations of sex, could not appreciate what you were having, and what she was missing.

With a proud consciousness, you and Hen and Billy foregathered after school and started creekward.

"We're goin' swimmin'!" you called back to former associates.

"Aw, it's too cold!" they complained.

"We don't care. 'Twon't hurt us."

"Bet you don't go in!"

"Bet you a hundred dollars we do!"

"Bet you two hundred you don't!"

"'Tain't C-C-Cold, Is It?"

(Dollars meant so much less to you in those days than in these.)

"You come along and see!"

"Uh-uh. We're goin' to play ball."

Very well; let them stay and play ball, if they liked. You would be entitled to strut on the morrow.

In the afternoon sun the creek lay smiling, inviting, deluding. Upon its bank a new crop of tin cans testified that the fishing season, also, had opened. Some of the cans were yours. The grass was soft, and sitting on it you vied with Hen and Billy in pulling off shoes and stockings.

"First in!" challenged Billy, hastily peeling.

You fumbled with the buttons which united waist with knickerbockers, and silently resolved that you would let him beat. Evidently Hen was of mind identical. Billy, now naked like some young faun, but singularly white and spindly, gave a coltish little kick and prance, and, with ostentatious gusto, advanced to the water's edge.

Yourself exposed to the world, feeling oddly bare and defenseless—a feeling which with wont would disappear as the summer wore on—you stood and, shivering, wrapped yourself in your arms and watched him.

Billy stuck a toe into the water and quickly drew it back.

"Is it cold?" you queried.

"Naw! Come on!" he urged.

"Let's see you go in first."

"That ain't fair. You come in, too!"

"Naw! You dared us. You got to do it first."

"Huh, I ain't afraid," asserted Billy.

Resolutely he put one foot in. Involuntarily he flinched—but he followed it with the other. Witnessing his actions, reading that his toes were curling, you and Hen jeered and whooped. As you jeered you continued to huddle, and to shrink within yourself. Gee, but it was cold! Somehow, the sun did not warm, and a little breeze, heretofore unnoted, enveloped you in an icy breath. You humped your shoulders and your teeth chattered. Hen's teeth, also, were chattering. You could hear them.

"Go on! Duck over!" you told Billy derisively.

Billy was game. Suddenly, with water up to his quaking knees, he ducked. In an instant he was upright again—staggering, gasping, sputtering, but triumphant.

"Come on in!" he implored, wildly solicitous that you and Hen, hooting your glee, should participate more actively. "'Tain't cold. What's the matter with you?"

Followed by Hen you diffidently moved forward. Shivering, gingerly you teetered down, twigs and little stones hurting your yet tender soles.

Billy ducked again, apparently with the utmost relish, and floundered and splashed, his energy very marked.

You experimented with a foot—and hastily jerked it out.

"Gee!" you exclaimed. "I ain't goin' in! It's too cold."

"I ain't, neither," decreed Hen.

"Aw, 'tain't cold a bit when you've wet over," assured Billy eagerly—but suspiciously blue. "Take a dare—aw, I wouldn't take a dare! You're stumped! Yah-ah! I've stumped you!"

Diabolically did Billy flounder and gibe. He paused expectantly, for you planted a foot, and gasped, and followed with the other; so did Hen.

Billy playfully splashed you.

"Come on!" he cried. "Come on!"

"Ouch! Quit that, will you?" you snarled, as the poignant drops stung your thin skin. "I'm comin', ain't I?"

Deeper, a little deeper, you went, with your piteously pleading flesh trying to recede from that repellent glacial line creeping up, inch by inch.

Billy shrieked with joy. What is misery when it has company!

"Duck!" he cackled. "Duck! 'Twon't be cold after you've ducked."

Must you? Oh, must you? Yes. You draw a long breath, shut your eyes, and desperately butted under. So, you dimly were conscious, did Hen.

Ugh! You choked; your stomach clove flat against your backbone, and in you was not space for air. Blindly

you recovered, and lurched and clawed and fought for breath, while Billy rioted with wicked exultation.

"'Tain't c-c-cold, is it?" you gasped defiantly.

"No; 'tain't c-c-cold a bit," chattered Hen.

"I told you 'twasn't cold," sniggered Billy.

But you impetuously plashed for shore; so did Hen; so did Billy. With numbed fingers you made all haste to pull your clothes over the goose-flesh of your weazened limbs and your shuddering little body. You began to grow warmer. You tried to control rattling teeth.

"'Twasn't cold!"

"Of course it wasn't!"

"We'll tell all the kids it's bully."

"Gee, I feel fine, don't you?"

"You bet!"

"Let's come again."

"Let's come to-morrow."

"N-no, I can't come to-morrow," you declared.

"I can't, either," said Hen.

Retrospect was most delightful; but prospect—well, here was a case where the prospect did *not* please. Anyhow, you had not been stumped. Your honor was intact—and you could rest on your laurels. You could nicely combine discretion with valor; so why not?

"I've been in swimmin'," you ventured, with becoming modesty, at the supper-table that evening.

"John! When?" reproved mother, aghast.

"To-day, after school."

You endeavored to speak with the carelessness befitting a seasoned nature such as yours—but you awaited with some inward trepidation family developments.

"Why!" ejaculated mother.

You felt that she was gazing across at father. Much depended, you realized, upon father. However, he had been a boy, and he surely would understand.

"But wasn't the water too cold?" she questioned anxiously.

"Uh, uh," you signified, steadily eating.

"It *must* have been cold," insisted mother. "Why, the sun hasn't had time to warm it yet. I should think you'd have frozen to *death!*"

"It was dandy. Makes you feel fine," you assured boldly. "Billy Lunt dared Hen and me, and——"

"I suppose if some other boy dared you to jump off the top of the church steeple you'd do it, then," stated mother severely.

"He'd have to do it first," you explained with a giggle.

"Well, I *should* think you'd have frozen," murmured mother, with an appealing glance at father.

Perhaps *she* would have frozen—being, like "teacher," of a sex unfortunate. But not you—nay, not mighty, dauntless, much-experienced you, with your ten long years backing you up. Huh!

. . . . . .

Not always was swimming thus a task; the embrace of the creek deceitful and inhospitable.

Ah, those glorious, piping, broiling summer days, when from the faded sky the heat streamed down, and from the simmering earth the heat streamed up; when abroad, in the maples and the elms and the apple-trees incessantly scraped with ghoulish glee the locusts, and in the fields the quail cried perseveringly: "Wet! More wet! More wet!" when the sun ruled absolutely, and everybody—save you and your fellows—stewed and panted under his sway; "dog-days"—aye, and boy-days! Then, then, at the swimming-hole the kingdom of boyhood held high carnival.

All Nature lay lax and heaving, seeking shade and avoiding exertion, as outward bound through the stifling afternoon you and Hen hastened for the swimming-hole. Even the birds were subdued, and the drone of the bumblebee was languid, protesting; but what did you and Hen care about such things as temperature or humidity? Goodness! You were "goin' swimmin'!"

As you pattered on, you and he, the boards of the sidewalk scorched your bare soles, toughened as they were, and even the baked earth of the pathway along the vacant lots tortured, so that, with "ouchee" and "gees," you hopped for shaded spots or sought the turf. Beat down upon your flapping straws the strenuous sun—his beams, after all, not unfriendly, but merely testing and, in a hearty way, welcoming.

He recognized you two as akin to the meadow-larks and the gophers, and he knew that he might not harm you. You were immunes.

The outskirts of the village are reached right speedily; and now off at a tangent, athwart the drowsy, palpitating pasture where the bees are busy amidst the clover, making for a fringe of trees, leads a path worn by many a hurrying, bare and buoyant sole.

You can hear, ahead of you, an enthusing medley of gay shrieks and cries and laughter.

"Crickety!" you say to Hen, quickening the pace. "There's a whole lot in already!"

And you are not even undressed!

On before, between the tree-trunks at your destination, you can glimpse, strewn over the sod or hanging from low branches, rejected and dejected garments—limp shirts, hickory, checked and tinted; stumpy trousers, dangling or down-flung. You descry the patchy blue of Snoopie Mitchell's one-suspendered overalls; so you know that Snoopie is there. You know who else is there, too. The apparel is evidence.

The sight redoubles your efforts. In rivalry with Hen, panting, perspiring, eager, you penetrate the trees and stop short on the bank. You have arrived.

Yes, here they are: Snoopie, and Billy Lunt, and Fat Day (his body covered with hives), and Skinny, and Chub, and Nixie Kemp (who can exhibit the biggest vaccination mark of all of you), and Tom Kemp (who is always peeling, somewhere), and—oh, a glorious company, wallowing like albino porpoises, threshing like whales!

"A-a-a-ah! lookee, lookee!" greets Snoopie (indefatigable, omnipresent) shrilly, grinning up at you; and for your benefit he stands on his head and waves his brown legs above the surface.

"Hello, Fat!"

"Hello, Skinny!"

"Hello, Jocko!"

"Hello, Hen!"

"Hello, Nix!"

"Come on in! Come on in!"

"Gee! It's dandy!"

"Water's jus' fine! Warm as milk!"

"You're missin' it! We been in all day."

Harrowing announcement!

Nor you nor Hen need invitation by word of mouth. You are ripping feverishly at your obstinate buttons, and tugging feverishly at your pestering clinging garments. But how absurdly simple was your attire, as reviewed to-day from your environment of starch and balbriggan, hosiery and collar. Nevertheless, many a time, in your agony of haste, you envied Snoopie, who with a single movement slipped the one suspender of his overalls and ducked out of his voluminous shirt, and with a whoop was in!—happy Snoopie!

Now, investing apparel cast aside in an ignominious heap, at last free and untrammeled you stride forward. From knee down and from neck up you are dark brown; between, you are whitish brown. Before the season closes you will be an even brown all over (like Snoopie), if your ambition is realized.

First you must wet your head. This is the law; else you may get cramps. You hurriedly wet it.

"Look out!" you warn with a significant step or two backward, to gain momentum.

You give a little run, and with a rapturous shout and a grand splash *you* are in. So is Hen.

Oh, bliss! The caressing, rollicking flood envelops you to the shoulders. You wade, you kick, you sputter, you blow, you plunge your length, you squeal your joy intense—you convince yourself and would convince others that you swim; and your comrades wade, and kick, and sputter, and blow, and plunge their lengths, and squeal—and ostentatiously paddle. While Snoopie, crawling about under water, grabs legs, presently grabbing yours, and down you go, beneath, to emerge strangling, clutching, incensed.

Stirred from the very bottom, all the pool is beaten to foam. The sun looks down between the spangling leaves and smiles, and the trees fondly overhang, stretching down friendly boughs.

. . . . . .

What a wonder you were as a water performer!

"See me float!" you yell—this being the popular pitch of conversation.

And you *could* float—almost, that is, until your feet or your face sank too far and forced you to rally.

"Aw, that ain't floatin'! Jus' watch me!" decrees Snoopie.

Snoopie really could float—and challenging admiring eyes he proceeds to display.

"Watch *me!*" implores Fat.

"Aw, gee! Watch Fat! Aw'gee! That ain't floatin'! That ain't floatin', is it, Snoop? Fat wiggles his hands down by his sides!"

"Don't either!" declares Fat angrily, flopping his mottled self to a standing position.

"You do, too! Don't he?"

You could stand Snoopie's superiority, but not Fat's.

"Well, I didn't wiggle 'em much, anyhow," grumbles Fat.

With breath tight held and head tilted stanchly back, launching yourself and paddling furiously dog-fashion, you can easily imagine that you are cleaving a path through the murky flood.

"You're touchin' bottom! Aw, you touched bottom!" accuses Fat.

"I wasn't, either, darn you! I started 'way up there at that stick and I come 'way down here!" (The distance is at least a yard.)

Betimes, splashing out, you all seek the banks, amphibious-like; to streak yourselves fantastically with mud, to cover yourselves luxuriously with hot sand, to race, to gambol, or to loll on the turf and emulously compare sunburn, "peels," and vaccination scars.

In again you scamper, and the pool resumes its cauldron turmoil.

The sun, from his new station low in the west, sends rays slanting in beneath the trees to signal "Home."

"Come on, I'm goin' out!" says Hen. "You'd better, too. Your lips are blue as the dickens."

"So are yours," you retort. "Ain't they, kids! Ain't Hen's lips bluer'n mine?"

A farewell wallow, and out you wade reluctantly. One by one out wade all. Your hands are shriveled with long soaking. You are waterlogged. There is sand in your hair. Languidly you dress.

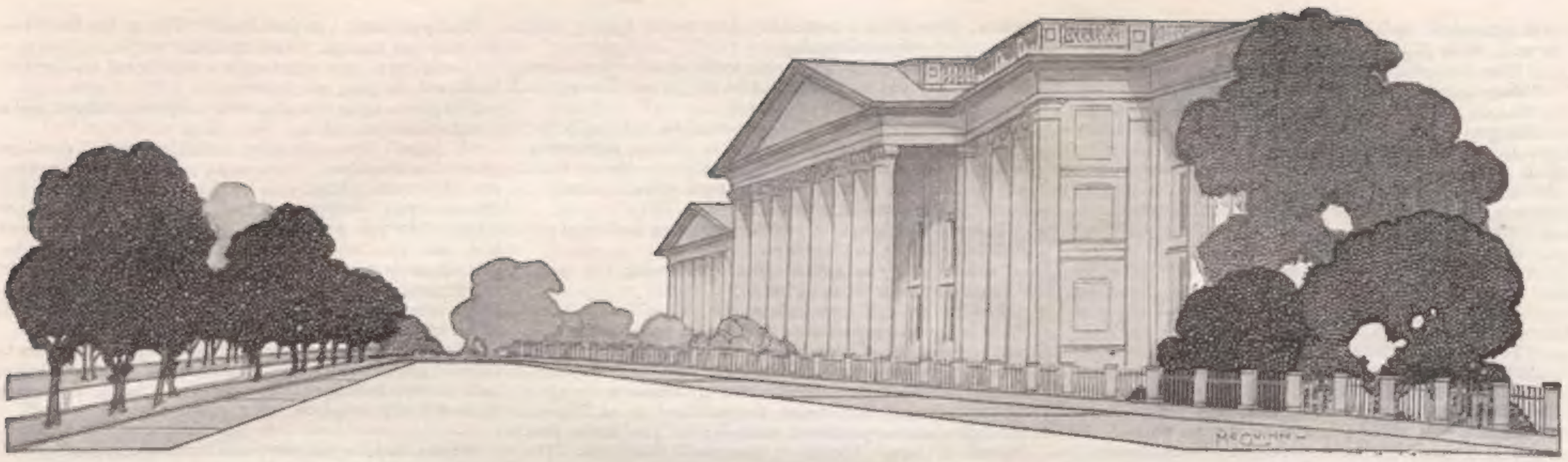
With Snoopie and Hen and Fat and Skinny and the others—a company now chastened and subdued—back you stroll across the pasture, the setting sun in your face, the robins piping their even-song, the locusts done and quiescent, katydids tentatively tuning up as their successors. The sky is golden in the west, pink overhead, blue in the east. Upon the clover the dew is collecting, annoying o'erzealous bees. Skinny and Nix drop off to the left, Snoopie to the right, each lining his straightest course for home.

"Good-night, kids!" they call back.

Now in the village, the little group rapidly dwindles. Presently only you and Hen and Billy remain. Billy turns in. At his gate Hen stops.

The next gate is yours. You are glad. You are tired—so tired—so very limp and tired—and so hungry!

"You're Missin' it! We Been in All Day"



Do the Trusts Own the Capital?

By J. J. Dickinson

How Their Hands Reach into the Departments and Throttle the Ideal of Civil Service

A CONTRIBUTION to this magazine a few weeks ago upon the subject of the cowardice of business men as a serious obstacle in the pathway the Government is pursuing in its efforts to discover the machinations of the Trusts, with a view of applying effective remedies, has brought a basketful of letters from many sources requesting further exploitation of the theme. Candor compels the statement that there is quite as great a degree of terror in the Government Departments at Washington in the matter of proceeding against the Trusts as there is among the business men of the country. A sense of the proprieties, which is entirely fitting to one who knows his Washington, suggests the acquittal of the heads of the Executive Departments—the nine members of the President's Cabinet—of this charge of fear of the Trust which hobbles the energies of their respective Departments.

The assertion can be made without fear of successful contradiction that not since the days of Jackson has an occupant of the White House so thoroughly and completely been his own Cabinet as is President Roosevelt. And by a majority of millions are Mr. Roosevelt's fellow-countrymen convinced that he is not afraid of the Trust. Therefore, even should one of the President's ministerial aides be subject to ague when told by him to go out and stalk the Trust, it goes without saying that he would either do as bidden or suffer the penalty of the immediate loss of his official head. Let it, then, not be inferred that what is here written is meant to reflect in even the slightest, vaguest way upon the courage, the probity or the honest intent of any man who is clothed with Cabinet honors and burdened with Cabinet responsibilities.

But working—the temptation is strong to say slaving—under each of the nine Cabinet officers there is an army of subalterns the overwhelming majority of whom are affected directly, immediately, and, to the practiced eye, noticeably by the Trust terror that racks the whole nervous system of the country's business, political and social organization.

Judge Parker's Charge Answered

IT WILL be recalled that, in his characteristically frank acceptance of the gage of battle thrown down to him by Alton B. Parker toward the close of the national campaign, President Roosevelt declared, in a letter issued from the White House a few days before the ballots were cast, that the Trusts had made money contributions to the managing committees of both political organizations—to his own as well as to Judge Parker's. It is not of record that Judge Parker has denied either the fact or knowledge of the fact so sensationally proclaimed by President Roosevelt at the critical juncture of the campaign. Judge Parker's accusation was explicit. It was that the Trusts were pouring millions of dollars into the Republican campaign fund. Mr. Roosevelt's reply to this was the bold assertion that the Trusts had contributed to the campaign funds of both party organizations.

The amount contributed to either party, or both, is not of particular relevance to this discussion. It is tremendously important, however, to know that the Trusts gave money to the campaign committees, because it establishes beyond all cavil the direct financial interest the Trusts have in Presidential contests. Likewise is it pertinent to note that Judge Parker did not charge that any individual had contributed to the Republican campaign fund, nor did President Roosevelt say, in his White House statement, that individuals had contributed to either or both campaign funds. If, therefore, it were allowable to construct a syllogism from negative premises, the conclusion would be inevitable that only the Trusts contributed money to the campaign funds. Since the money so contributed was presumably disbursed by the chairmen of the respective committees, it is within the pale of reasonable expectation to indulge the hope of finding out the approximate sum contributed to each committee by applying in proper manner to the Honorable George Bruce Cortelyou, now Postmaster-General, and to the Honorable Thomas T. Taggart, now private citizen.

Why the Trusts "Contribute"

IT IS not denied that when individuals give money for the success of a candidate or cause it is for one of two reasons: either admiration of the candidate or adherence to the cause of which the candidate is the avowed exponent. Since the Trust, which is merely a combination of corporations, is, according to Blackstone, "soulless," the claim cannot be made for it of possessing those most elemental of human emotions—personal likes and dislikes. Therefore, the personal factor cannot be said to enter into the equation when the Trust goes a-hunting for its choice among candidates or parties. That the Trust either disliked or liked President Roosevelt or Judge Parker is, then, not to be considered.

Whoso denies that there is any essential difference between the Trust and the individual in the matter of setting up a claim for favorable consideration when the spoils of victory are being dispensed, knows not his Government—at least, he knows not his Washington. This is not laying at the door of any Executive Department in Washington the charge of showing favor to the Trust *per se*. Over all of these Departments, of course, presides Theodore Roosevelt, the people's idol. And who dares say that Theodore Roosevelt is afraid of the Trust? At the present stage of the public confidence in his courage, in his impetuous daring, that candidate for office in almost any community of the country would be submerged by an avalanche of votes who dared intimate such an accusation, and that newspaper or other publication that would adventure so bold a charge would lose more readers in a day than could be regained in half a year.

But the President cannot do all the work of the Government, in spite of a seemingly widespread popular belief that every good and perfect thing proceeds from him. No more can his trusted Cabinet advisers know and personally direct the work of their assistants, bureau chiefs, agents, clerks, and other employees. It is these subalterns who are quite as badly affected by Trust-provoked neurasthenia as are the business men of the country. In point of fact, after an intimate official experience of a year with both classes of the victims of this Trust disease of the nerves, I am almost convinced that the civil employees of the Government, and especially those attached immediately to the Departments at Washington, are in more constant fear lest their official conduct, be it ever so unimportant and inconspicuous, arouse the vengeful ire of the Trust bogey than are the business men throughout the country whose minds and souls are steeped in "commercialism."

To make my meaning clearer on this point it is quite advisable to give a closer and more intimate view of Washington than, in the very nature of things, is enjoyed by the mass of people. Washington at base is official. There are about thirty thousand people employed in all grades of the Government service at Washington. Estimated on a low average of percentage, this official class represents about one-third of the population of the capital. In other words, about two-and-a-half times as many people are dependent upon the earnings of Government employees at Washington as are actually on the payrolls of the Departments. The population which subsists directly or indirectly upon official favors is nearly as large as that which draws money from the Government for labor performed. This element belongs chiefly to the lobby in one way or another. There would be no lobby if there were no large special business interests looking to the Government for protection, or other favors in various forms. The lobby exists not alone to influence Congressional action. In spite of the popular impression that this is the lobby's sole function, it is one of its least duties and labors. Congress usually knows what it is going to do on every question of importance before it meets in annual session. That is attended to by the business interests before the elections, and frequently before the nominations are made. Of course, there are certain essential parliamentary forms and ceremonies to be gone through with before the legislation decided upon by "the people"—"the electorate"—can be enacted. Also it is necessary to permit "discussion" of all great questions by Congress before the statutes annually are amended, enlarged or otherwise affected. Your real Washingtonian understands all this; and your real Washingtonian is, first, the lobbyist, and, second, the seasoned Government employee.

Patronage the Coin of Politics

THE average Congressman—the appellation is here used to cover the members of both the Senate and House—becomes a real Washingtonian usually after about his second session. Then he is merged into the genuine national capital type. His strength at home as well as in Washington largely depends upon the number of appointees he gets in the Executive Departments. Patronage is the coin of politics. Without it the Congressman has hard sledding among his constituents and still harder sledding in the Executive Departments. His duties so largely consist of looking after the business interests of constituents before the Departments that, unless he have personal friends and retainers in the Departments to do his bidding and keep careful watch of proposed Executive action in special matters, he soon discovers that his ambition to shine before an admiring world as a statesman is exceedingly difficult to realize. It frequently happens that, in order to hold on to his salary, it becomes the duty of the lobbyist to see to it that what the Congressman wants done by the Executive Department is not done. This conflict of interest, then, places the Government employee between two fires. If, in steering his unhappy course, he veer too much to the right his frail bark will be torn to

pieces in the fierce whirlpool of the Trust Charybdis, and if he veer too much to the left his official head will be bitten off by the ferocious Congressional Scylla. Altogether, therefore, the poor Government employee is left in a pitiful plight.

It is a rare bird of a Congressman who spends in Washington more than nine months of the two-year life of each Congress. But the lobbyist abides there always. Unlike the lawmaker, he likes the climate of Washington. Generally speaking, he is unlike the lawmaker in another respect, too, and that is he has no objection to the President's calling an extra session. The special interest which pays the lobbyist a salary and elects the lawmaker to Congress may object to an extra session, because of the abiding terror in commercialism that Congress may get wild and do something not nominated in the bond; yet such dreaded mishaps are only additional opportunities for the lobbyist either to secure new clients or make successful demand on his employer for higher pay. But, at any rate, he is always in Washington to keep close watch on the Government employee whose functions, temporary or permanent, touch in any way the special interest the lobbyist is paid to represent.

The clerk so placed soon learns that it is worth his while to make good friends with the lobbyist. The dazzling prize of promotion is ever dangling before the clerk's protuberant eyes. The ennobling theory of Governmental affairs at Washington under the Civil Service system is that promotion is sure to come to the clerk who works faithfully and intelligently. But this theory is true only in a limited sense. Promotion from the lowest to the medium grades is reasonably certain without the exercise of "pull," though it is so gradual that the snail's pace is high speed in comparison. The average clerk soon realizes that although merit is an excellent asset, it is more apt to receive substantial recognition in the form of promotion if he is lucky enough to show some Congressman—not necessarily his own Congressman—or the representative of some special interest—frequently one and the same thing—the ready gift of knowing how to please.

The clerk knows the full significance of the cynical apothegm that the Civil Service law is meant to keep people out of the Government service but not to keep them in. His immediate chief is in reality the sole judge of his efficiency; in theory the Secretary of his Department is. A further extension of the theory makes the President the sole judge of his right to promotion, but, in fact, the clerk is as far removed from the Secretary of his Department as an enlisted man in the army is from the colonel of his regiment, and as to his close relationship to the President no finer fiction ever emanated from the perfervid imagination of the Civil Service reformer. Thus, to gain the only prize within his narrow world, the clerk must be ever obeisant to his immediate superior—usually the chief clerk of his bureau, in type a petty tyrant, who, as a general rule, has secured his position either as a reward for services to a Congressman or a lobbyist, and who can be counted on always to cherish his authority with a jealousy that is the despair of his underlings. If, therefore, the underling happens, by blind chance or deliberate design, to "turn in" to his chief clerk a well-matured piece of work bearing on a subject that touches in a tender spot a Trust which is actually or supposedly under investigation, one thing is liable to happen to the work so turned in, and two things are liable to happen to the clerk. His chief will be so displeased with the work that he will not pass it on to the higher authorities for fear that the audacious underling will attract their favorable notice, and the clerk soon thereafter either will be given an entirely different assignment or transferred to another bureau. In either case his impious hand will be stayed from further manipulation of papers and statistics bearing on the Trust investigation.

An actual experience will illustrate how the system works out. A man of middle age, who had lived in Washington long enough to have learned the "game," who had dealt for years with public affairs and questions, but who belonged to that old-fashioned class of men who, vested with official authority, think that some service of real value is expected of them, secured a position in one of the Departments which then was dealing with practical Trust questions of national interest. He was commissioned on the eve of the Presidential campaign. His sole instructions consisted in his superiors directing his attention to the statutes defining his duties. His reports from the field, his carefully prepared comments upon the developments of the work in hand, and his official conduct and bearing elicited warm praise, written and oral, from his chiefs in the Department. He was aggressive in the sense that he followed the only instructions he had received, which, as before stated, were the statutes. During the progress of his work he was congratulated by Congressmen and flattered by lobbyists.

(Continued on Page 18)

The Lady and the Ladder

By Harrison Rhodes

The Annals of an American Countess

III

"HILDA," said Laurie Marston to Lady Tom Trefford as he helped himself a second time from a dish of the small red mullet which are so plentiful in the Mediterranean and make so excellent a dish for the midday breakfast of France—"Hilda, I'm bringin' two ladies to lunch to-morrow."

"Ain't it enough," queried Tommy Trefford—Lord Thomas, to give him his due—"that you lunch here almost every day yourself, Laurie?"

"You oughtn't to be surprised, Tommy, that I come so often. You've the best cook in Cannes—have some more of your own fish, *do!*—and your villa is much the nearest to my beastly lodgings. You ought to be very glad—being Hilda's second cousin and having known her since she was a disagreeable little child in the nursery—that I don't want to make love to her, but fetch and carry for her, and altogether brighten her life considerably."

"Who is it you want to bring, Laurie?" asked Lady Tom.

"I'd give two to one they're Americans," grunted her husband.

"They are," assented Mr. Marston cheerfully.

"You and Hilda keep this house full up with Americans, especially widows. They run in and out of it like rabbits in a warren."

"They all begin their London career at Cannes," philosophized Mr. Marston.

"In this house," said Tommy.

"Well, I'm sure you men all like them," said Lady Tom. "That's why I have them about. They're no trouble."

"I like some of them," admitted her husband. "But that last one Laurie landed us with was spotty. And I never did like red hair."

"Oh, American widows vary," mused Mr. Marston with judicial calm, "but I think they are going to run very well this season."

"What's this one like?" queried his host.

"Oh, very pretty, indeed. And a sweet, inexperienced flower of the West."

"My eye!" said Tommy. Expressed informally, it was yet an observation profound enough. Lady Hilda understood.

"That means Tommy thinks she'll do," she interpreted. "But you said there were two of them. Not two widows? They don't generally hunt in couples."

"A mother and daughter."

"Oh!" said Tommy.

"Mother and stepdaughter. They're about the same age."

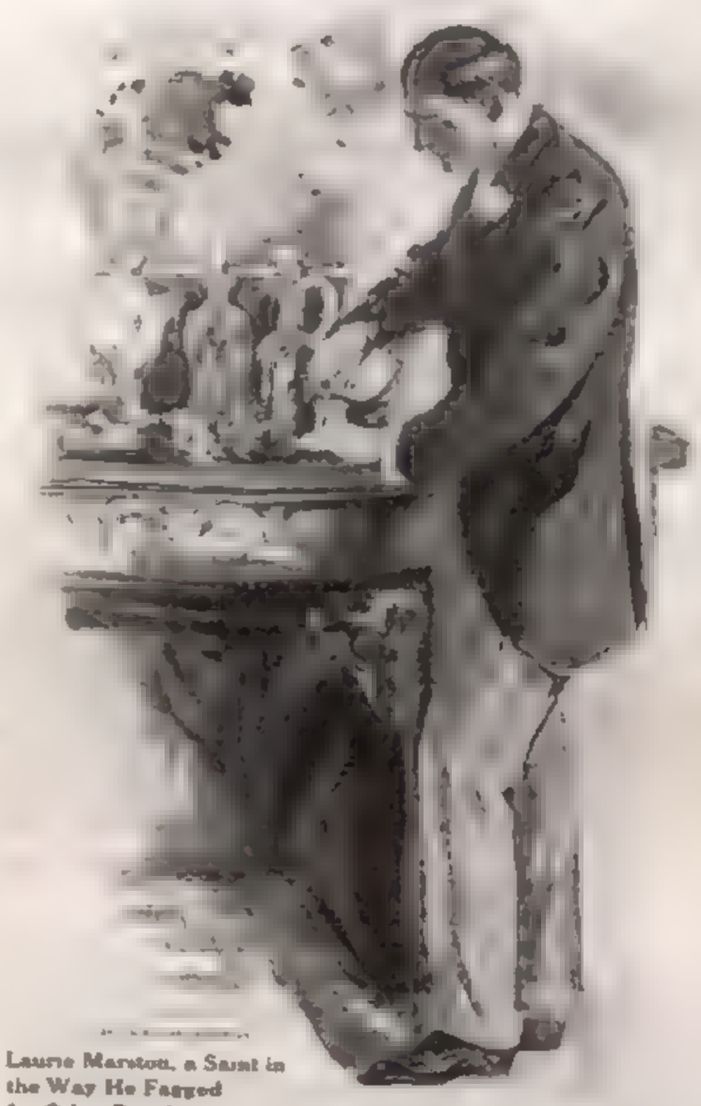
A sigh of relief came from his lordship.

"What is it—*matre pulchra filia pulchrior?*"

Laurie Marston lifted his hands as if in despair and poured himself out a stiffish drink of whisky with less soda than was usual with him.

"Oh, the daughter!" he said. "The daughter's a pill!"

By this description the intelligent reader will, if he has not already done so, recognize Pauline, but it is hoped that any sorrow caused by its harshness will be more than atoned for by the pleasure caused by the realization that Mary, so delightfully described as a sweet prairie flower, has at last got her foot upon the ladder. It was never meant that the present narrative should lack its moral lessons. And this may be a suitable place to hint that not the least of its truths is that a new world often looks at things with new eyes, and that many a pretty, rich, good-natured lady who is not appreciated for her real merits in Chicago, New York, Chillicothe or Paw Paw, Michigan, may sometimes easily make her way in the equally important town of London.



Laurie Marston, a Saint in the Way He Fagged for Other People

It is becoming the usual thing for aspirants for honors in the approaching London season to run the winter trial heats in Cannes, where society is more informal, and where there is a constant need of new people who will organize parties to run over to Monte Carlo and will pay for extravagant dinners there at Ciro's. Instinct and diligent perusal of the Paris Daily Guide to Snobbishness led Mary to hit upon the Riviera. Chance had sent her and Pauline down from Paris in the train with Mr. Laurence Marston. That young gentleman, quite out of the kindness of his heart, had rescued Togo, Mrs. Whiting's Japanese pug, from a confused and dangerous situation among the legs and feet of three French porters at the Avignon station. Mary, who had always liked dogs, had observed of late how truly fashionable it was to have one's life bound up in one, so she felt justified in making her thanks to the unknown young Englishman warm. At lunch Togo's rescuer was placed by the *conducteur* at the Whitings' table, whereupon he apologized for his intrusion with admirable politeness but no apparent intention of leaving.

To do him justice, Mr. Marston had at this stage no motives beyond a desire to vary the monotony of the journey. When he learned that his companions were bound for Cannes he felt his interest increase. When, the second day after his arrival, he discovered his friends upon the terrace of Cannes' newest and most ridiculously expensive hostelry, and noted the fact that Mrs. Whiting's gown was quite the prettiest, and her parasol the most ravishingly fluffy there, he felt, as he said to the ladies when he approached them, that they were already old friends. Everybody on the terrace was having tea, but not everybody had a well-dressed young man in white flannels. As he approached, Mary had noticed that Mr. Marston lifted his hat to two other groups, and out of the corner of her eye she thought she could now see a woman removing some books from a chair as if to prepare it for his occupancy. It was not a moment to hesitate. Had Mrs. Whiting hesitated so much in this world is due merely to chance perhaps this story might never have been written. Fortunately for the writer—and he hopes for the reader, too—she took the plunge promptly.

"Won't you sit down and have some tea? We're just going to order some. I'm being informal, because we don't know you—or you us—at all. But you English expect us Americans to do odd things."

"This is a very nice thing; I don't know about it's being odd," replied Laurie, sinking comfortably into a chair and explaining to a waiter that he wanted toast—not cakes; and cream—not merely milk. He did not have the air of thinking the episode especially odd.

Pauline's sallow cheek paled. For her ideas of correct behavior might have been taken straight from some book of etiquette, or from the "answers to correspondents"

column of some American newspaper. She knew that one should not invite to tea young men to whom one has not been introduced. And she felt poignantly as well that they did not know to what social sphere their unknown friend might belong. Did he, to speak figuratively, come from the North Side of London, or from its Cornell Avenue in the suburbs? In the first case, what must he think of them? In the second, what must they do to rid themselves of an undesirable encumbrance? In an agony of mind, she was meditating how she might best, a little later, bring home a reproof to her stepmother, when upon her ear Mr. Marston's conversation began to have some effect.

"The hotel is going to do well this season, I should say. You've got all the smartest people here. Who is that lady? The one with that absurd feather boa that makes her look like a cockatoo with indigestion? Oh, that's a very dear friend of mine! That's Mrs. Alfred Peignton. I must introduce you to her some time. She knows everybody in the world, and there's no one who would be so useful to you. You have heard of her, of course."

"Yes, indeed," broke in Pauline. Had she not a thousand times read in the New York Herald that Mrs. Peignton had been seen "driving in Bond Street, looking so well, in mouse gray," or "at the Carlton, wearing some pearls." The unknown young man in white flannels must be all right. Pauline made his tea, which she was preparing at the moment, exceptionally sweet with sugar and unusually rich with cream, and straightway bent all her arts to his subjugation. Alas that one should have to record that the only result was that, the next day, Laurie should have described her to Tommy Trefford and Lady Tom as "a pill!"

"Then you're not planning to marry this heiress?" asked Tommy—we have returned to lunch at the Villa des Acacias.

"Do I ever marry them?" demanded Laurie with an aggrieved air.

"No, but why don't you?" persisted his host. "How do you make it pay?"

"As if I ever made anything pay! Don't let's discuss my miserable, squalid poverty!"

Lady Tom rose from the table and lit a cigarette.

"You do yourself most uncommon well, Laurie, for a man who hasn't a penny."

"Oh, there are pickings!" said Mr. Marston. "I did very well for a while with that motor-car agency last year. The company allowed me ten per cent., and I got some of those merry bounding South Africans and one of my Americans to buy. And all it cost me was to ask 'em to lunch at the Carlton to meet somebody or other."

"That time last year when I lunched with you and those Australian horrors——" began Lady Tom.

"My dear Hilda, I told you at the time it was to help me out of a hole and that you needn't know them afterward. And it was a case of a motor and an electric brougham as well that time—I netted a hundred and sixty-five pounds counting out the lunch."

"Was it a decent lunch, Hilda?" asked the lady's husband.

"Gave the brutes champagne!" Mr. Marston took the reply out of the lady's mouth.

"A hundred and sixty-five!" said she in amazement. "And that's the profit of one lunch! I don't see why you need be poor, Laurie."

"That sort of thing was too good to last. When women began to push motors I went out of the business. You know that soap woman who's got the Utterfield's house in South Audley Street? Well, I should have got her to buy one of my cars when—what do you think? Lady Greyforde wrote to her—she'd never in the world met her, mind you—and said that she heard she was thinking of starting a car, and Lady Greyforde was interested in a new make, and wouldn't the soap woman come to tea on Thursday to talk it over? Well, you may imagine the woman would jolly well have bought fifteen cars to get asked to Greyforde House. I call it pretty rotten low! The Greyfordes have got seventy thousand a year and she might do what she can to keep society decent. Well, the King said it was pretty thick when he heard about it. I wish he'd tell Florence Greyforde so."

"Somebody will," said Lady Tom, "The King has his own make of motors, too," she added thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes," assented Laurie. "But he perfectly well has all the money he wants now. And not a debt, I hear. Wish I could say as much!"

"Of course, I think it's 'disky,' but still, if you're in need of it, why don't you take a commission on introducing your fair Americans? You're always running some one or other of them."

"Couldn't do 'em well enough to charge good prices. No, I really do it because it amuses me and because I like them mostly. I love seeing how they take London and how it takes them. And generally they do you extremely well, and, as far as I'm concerned, they pay their shot by the dinners and the champagne I consume *chez elles*. As to actually doing a business in introducing social aspirants and making them pay through the nose for it, I leave that to self-supporting women."

Pleaded Poverty, and Mentioned the Price of the One They Both Inclined to

"To Edith Peignton, for example," said Lady Tom with a hearty, brisk air which people assume sometimes when they tackle subjects that they know are not quite welcome.

"Poor dear Mrs. Peignton hasn't a penny; everybody knows that! I'm sure I hope she gets something out of the women she carts about London."

"Why waste time in hoping, Laurie?" Lady Tom smiled sweetly. "We all know she does. Why, poor dear Edith hasn't lived in that house of hers in Curzon Street for ten years except out of season. It's always let."

"Always to Americans," put in Tommy.

"And always at an outrageous price," added his wife.

"I hope so," replied Laurie. "I think Edith Peignton is a dear——"

"You ought to," said Lady Tom, who had now—it is to be regretted that one must say it—arrived at the portion of the discussion which really interested her—"You ought to; Edith is certainly very, very fond of you."

Mr. Marston—has it been mentioned?—was only twenty-four. He flushed a little.

"Nonsense," he said. "Of course, she's a charming woman——"

"And you're a charming boy. Oh, I don't say so myself, Laurie dear; I'm only quoting Mrs. Peignton."

"It seems a pity, Hilda, that a woman as much older than a man can't be friendly with him without people talking."

Lady Tom strolled toward the window and looked out toward the sea. Then, turning quickly about:

"Don't be a silly boy, Laurie, when I rag you about things. It doesn't matter, anyway. I'm sure I think it's very nice of you, turning these millionairesses over to Edith. You plan that she's to run them in town next season, don't you?"

"There isn't any one who'd do it better, is there?"

"No one. So bring your Mrs.——"

"Mrs. and Miss Whiting."

"Mrs. and Miss Whiting along for some lunch to-morrow. I'm quite game to give them a leg up if you want me to. Only, just so that Edith sha'n't be jealous, you'd better let Tommy talk to the pretty one."

"Righto!" cried Lord Thomas in agreement and in the highest spirits.

Mr. Marston seemed sulky, and in this condition we must leave him. It is hoped that this glimpse of the fashionable world—all three at lunch in the Villa des Acacias were of an unquestionable position—will have served in some measure to explain the rather mixed motives which were at the back of the delightful welcome that Cannes seemed to extend to our heroines.

In Cannes, in fact, history began—our history, that is, Mary's history. And from this point on each fragment of it would seem to any one with a proper reverence for smart society worth recording. We cannot, however, linger over lunch at the Tommy Treffords', nor over tea with Laurie Marston at the golf club, though at the latter place our ladies from Chicago stood within twenty feet of a Russian Grand Duke when he missed a perfectly easy put, and heard him comment upon his own failure with a thoroughly Grand Ducal oath. However delightful these episodes, they are but episodes. It was only when Mrs. Alfred Peignton, duly introduced by Mr. Laurence Marston, consented to take tea with Mrs. and Miss Whiting on the terrace of their hotel that our heroines came really at close quarters with their opportunity.

It must not be supposed that the ladies Whiting had been subjected to no investigation whatever. Just because one is young and pretty and appears to be rich one cannot necessarily make the acquaintance in the Riviera train of a young man who will introduce you into the best society of the "coast of azure," as the railway posters love to call it. If one could, it is to be feared that the Lyons station at Paris would be crowded every day and the train itself almost mobbed by lovely young American women. Such compatriots of the Whitings as were in Cannes were at once asked for information about them.

"Chicago, you say," was Mrs. Ogden Van Ostrander's reply. "My dear Mrs. Peignton, I'm from New York. This Mrs. Whiting may be the leader of fashion in Chicago—probably is. I shouldn't be likely to know."

"Whiting, Whiting," mused her husband who sat near, disconsolately thinking of the Union Club in New York and meditating upon the European lack of cocktails while his wife drank tea, "if it is Henry T. Whiting——"

"Henry T., that *is* it!" said Mrs. Peignton—"*was* it, rather. She's a widow."

"Is he dead? I'd forgotten," went on Mr. Van Ostrander. "And now she's making his money fly, I suppose?"

"Like those vulgar Westerners!" commented his wife sniffingly.

"Perhaps she waited till he died, at least." For a moment Mr. Van Ostrander had seemed to contemplate philosophically his wife's modest morning gown of real lace and her simple little lorgnette chain of a hundred baroque pearls of almost the largest size, before he permitted himself this dark observation. Then he turned to Mrs. Peignton.

"I knew Henry Whiting. He was an important man in business out there. He and I were directors together once on the board of the Peoria and Milwaukee Air Line."

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Peignton with a bright, brisk air. "A rival Marconi system?" She had found American men a little difficult in conversation sometimes, but she was not a woman to despair even when they would talk business.

"Railroad," chuckled Mr. Van Ostrander. "I'm out, but the Whiting estate must hold a big chunk of the stock still. Can't tell you how they're quoted socially out there, but the money should be all right."

Mrs. Peignton settled her skirt with almost a long breath of relief.

"They seem charming, but then," she added gracefully, "I'm so fond of you Americans—I find you almost all charming."

This sentiment she repeated with a pretty smile at the tea-drinking with Mary and Pauline to which the reader's attention must now be directed.

"Most people at home think you English don't really like us," said Mary.

"We don't like all of you—not the common, vulgar, horrid ones——"

"The kind you meet traveling. I hate them," put in Pauline, almost in anger.

"We've been met traveling," said Mary with a laugh, while Mrs. Peignton shot a glance through her half-closed eyes at the girl.

"We like the right kind. I think the right kind are about the same everywhere—don't you? At any rate, I adore Americans, especially the women. I think they're so pretty and so well dressed—oh, how Englishwomen do dress!—and so amusing. I'm rather noted for my partiality," she rattled on. "I don't suppose there's a woman in London who has done more than I have to make Americans known in society there."

Mary and Pauline almost gasped. Indeed, no social training could be expected to produce a poise which could

be maintained in the face of this sudden apparent opening of the gates of Paradise.

"You will be coming to town this spring, I suppose, won't you?"

Mary smiled, still weak at the knees with a feeling that it was all too good to be true. "We thought of it," she managed to get out.

Mrs. Peignton sighed delicately.

"How sorry I am," she said, "that I probably can't be there."

The gates of Paradise swung to, rose faded from the sky and all was gray.

Pauline gulped down a cup of scalding tea, and Mary nervously twirled her chiffon sunshade. There was a moment's silence. Mrs. Peignton's eye rested upon the blue of the sea shining through the dark green of orange trees, and she smiled placidly. Then, as if to belie the smile, she sighed again, daintily.

"I'm so disappointed," she said.

"Not so much as we are," blurted Pauline.

The smile returned to the Englishwoman's face.

"I hope you'll change your mind," said Mary. "Why ——" she hesitated.

"Why don't I come?" replied Mrs. Peignton, turning to them with a brisker air. "Because, my dear, I can't afford it. You Americans always think that we talk extraordinarily freely about money affairs. I might as well talk freely about mine, my dear, for any one and every one in London could tell you how badly off I am. I've just nothing really except my house in Curzon Street. I hate to sell that because it's a charming house and because it's got in it all sorts of family things of the Peigntons, and I shouldn't know where to put them. I have to let it because I can't afford to live in it. If I get a good let for it during the season I go into a smaller house and I can just manage to make both ends meet. If I don't let it I simply have to go to stay dully in the country with an old aunt."

"And haven't you rented it for this year?" asked Mrs. Whiting.

"I had a very good offer just before I came out here, two thousand for the season, but I didn't take it; I didn't like the people. I dare say I'm a fool, but I do let sentiment interfere. I like to have people who will appreciate and love my things as I do. And I never get over a funny, old-fashioned idea that my tenants are my guests. So I try always to get people I know. Until this year I've always had the greatest luck and the most charming people—a good many of your compatriots, by the way. There's Mrs. MacAlister—she's got a big house in Grosvenor Square now, and a perfectly definite position in London—she took my house her first season. She liked it so much, and London so much—I really believe I started her knowing people—that I don't believe she'll ever go back now. But I mustn't talk about my own affairs," she went on with a pretty apologetic smile, "but about yours. What are your plans?"

Mary deliberated a moment. Somehow, she thought she began vaguely to see "how people did things." With her the next step was, as usual, to do them herself

"If I thought Pauline and I would like London I should take a house Would yours——? But I don't suppose you know us well enough."

"My dear," screamed Mrs. Peignton with a pretty little air of surprise, "I should love it! Would you think of it? It's really the sweetest house."

"What did you say the rent was?" asked Pauline.

"Oh, you would deal with the agent about that! I can give you his address. He does all my business—I'm such a fool about it. But I know that it ought to bring about—I think about twenty-two hundred."

"Didn't you say two thousand?" queried Pauline. There spoke the daughter of Henry T.!

"Did I? I'm so stupid about such things. But it is twenty-two or twenty-three, I know. And the agent insists on half of it being in advance—I remember that."

"We must think about it. If we only knew people in London and were sure we would like it——" mused Mary.

"Oh, I can guarantee that!" exclaimed Mrs. Peignton.

"You can't quite put it into the lease, can you?" said Mary with a naïve and smiling air.

"No," said Mrs. Peignton, taking up the joke, "but it could be understood between friends."

. . . . . .

If one may anticipate history a little, it will perhaps interest the reader to know of another proposition made to Mrs. Whiting on her arrival in London. It may even help any who are climbing and do not have the good luck to run across a Mr. Marston or a Mrs. Peignton. Our heroine was waited upon by an irreproachable young man in clothes of excessively fashionable cut who explained to her, without wasting much time in preliminaries, that he represented the Bond Street Bureau. This institution, presided over by a gentleman whom Mary later was constantly to meet in society, offered to "take her on" for four hundred pounds a month, or one thousand pounds for the season. It, in return, agreed to furnish the necessary introductions to put her into society, arrange and manage all parties and audit the bills for them—also attend to all press-work and see that paragraphs and portraits appeared wherever they would do the most good. The address can be furnished upon application (please inclose stamped envelope for reply!), and the Bureau is uncommonly serviceable. But our heroine felt that she could tell her visitor that she had all her arrangements made, though she discreetly refrained from mentioning any names.

. . . . . .

"I'm glad we've decided to take that house, mother," said Pauline late that night, after their talk with Mrs. Peignton, when the ladies, in comfortable peignoirs, were

"This is a Very Nice Thing; I Don't Know About it's Being Odd," Replied Laurie

discussing the events of the day. "But it seems so funny, somehow. Of course, I believe she's asking us twice the usual rent for it."

"If she wasn't I wouldn't take it, Pauline."

"Do you think it is the sort of thing people do?"

"Do you think it isn't?" asked Mary.

"No," said Pauline, "I suppose not. I think you're wonderful to dare to do it all of a sudden like that. But buying one's way seems kind of horrid to me."

"Goodness gracious, Pauline, it *is* horrid! Do you think I don't know that?" replied her stepmother with animation. "Yet I remember once at school—it was in Miss Peters' room, I remember, the B. Primary—there was a girl who wanted to get asked to join a club of six girls who used to bring their lunch in baskets every Thursday and got permission to stay in and eat it, during the noon recess, in a stuffy room instead of going home for a decent meal—that is children's idea of pleasure. Well, you know how wild school-children used to be over making exchanges?"

"I went to a private school——" began Pauline.

"And I didn't," said Mary. "But what I'm trying to prove to you is that things are about the same everywhere. Well, this girl took an old slate of mine, cracked down the middle, in exchange for a new pen-box and three sponges and a perfectly good black rubber ink-well that closed with a snap. She got into the club. Another girl who didn't started a story that she had offered to buy all our old chewing-gum, after we'd used it, for a cent a lump."

"Oh, mother, how disgusting!" screamed Pauline.

"Yes, but it wasn't so—not that part. She was a nice girl; we all liked her very much—after we had let her into the club. And I'm not sure I liked her any the less because I'd got a pen-box and the ink-well out of her."

IV

THE Mediterranean turned, if possible, a brighter blue, the sky a softer azure. As spring advanced, gentler winds, bringing grateful warmth from the distant shores of Africa, coaxed open even the most reluctant rosebuds. And Mary and Pauline still climbed.

Cannes is not London, as Laurie Marston once thought it worth while to remind our heroines. But it is Cannes, at least, and, as he could not but admit, very much worth while. Mary herself went a little deeper into the situation when she said:

"All the English know who the other English are; all the French who the other French are, so none of them feels that it matters very much whether they know who we are or not."

Of course, for a minute or two people remembered that the Whiting ladies were acquaintances of Mr. Marston's, acquired in haphazard fashion, and they shrugged their shoulders. But English people find life too short to trouble much about the original source of introduction, provided the people introduced are presentable, pretty, amusing or rich.

Mary did what she could to confirm the belief that she and Pauline possessed all these qualities. And occasionally the quality of her tact quite deserves recording. It will not be easy to match, for naïve charm, the story of the Duc d'Artannes and the two pearl necklaces. It was shortly after they made the acquaintance of this handsome young gentleman that some one repeated to Mary a remark of his as to the uncertainty one felt as to whether Americans one met traveling really had any money at home or not. The uncertainty did not, however, keep him from—shall we say prospecting? For the next afternoon his card was brought to Mrs. Whiting.

In five minutes she came down, and rarely has that staircase seen a prettier sight than she made, daintily dressed in white, and carrying in either hand a pearl and diamond necklace of incredible beauty—and expensiveness. Nothing could have been more fortunate than this visit, she assured her guest. He had such excellent taste; he could help her to decide which of these lovely things was the lovelier.

The Duke's dark eyes glowed with appreciation—of things generally, and in the end he urged her to keep both. But she modestly pleaded poverty, and mentioned the price of the one they both inclined to. It was a considerable sum, and when he left both hostess and guest felt that the pleasant period of tea-time had not been spent in vain.

It need cause no surprise that Mary and Pauline soon began to be seen about, and that "those new Americans" was a description sufficiently definite for most people. Laurie Marston, a saint, as Mrs. Peignton said, in the way he fagged for other people, assisted them in selecting a motor-car, of a make which he knew to be absolutely reliable. Lady Tom and Mary would often take a couple of Hilda's young men over to Monte Carlo to play a little and to lunch. All Mary's traditional knowledge of the relations between the sexes would have led her to expect that on these occasions the gentlemen should foot the bills. And, indeed, on the first expedition a certain Lord Remerton settled the account without turning a hair. But when, on the return trip, they had deposited their two escorts, Lady Tom corrected that.

"My dear," she said with a long breath, "we ought never to have allowed Remerton to pay for lunch."

"But would Lord Remerton ——" began Mary

"Just hand them your purse and make them pay."

Mary abandoned unhesitatingly the principles of Cornell Avenue, and the golden shower of the late Henry T.'s fortune began to fall even more freely upon Cannes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Shaving notes with safety razors is the latest development of a sure thing.

¶ There is no evidence to show that the big fish most lied about ever cared.

¶ An optimist is a man who can push an automobile up a hill without dashes.

¶ Truth is at the bottom of the well—but it probably isn't a Standard Oil well.

¶ Justice triumphs when the man who hogs the end seat gets most of the rain.

¶ Men are paid large salaries to get money out of men who try to get out of work.

¶ Russia's ignorance is not confined to its eighty millions who cannot read or write.

¶ In teaching the young idea how to shoot, the best target is not always the dollar mark.

¶ One objection to selling the Philippines to Japan would be the loss of short-story territory.

¶ So long as bald-headed barbers sell hair restorers there will be faith nostrums and frenzied finance.

¶ The trust policy: hesitate, investigate, procrastinate—and then perhaps it will be too late to legislate.

¶ Some persons are born dyspeptic, some achieve dyspepsia, and some have to eat buffet meals on parlor cars.

¶ Men constantly assert that fashions grow uglier, but with the same breath they declare the girls look prettier than ever

¶ Washington would soon be overpopulated were it not for the fact that the ex-members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet move away.

¶ Up Salt Creek the Has Beens and Never Wasers meet in daily session and convince each other that Progress and Success are poor judges of men.

The Business of Living

AT THIS writing an army of youths, with banners, is marching from college to join the ranks of the fortune-hunters.

Very many of these youths came from country towns where life has a wide and pleasant margin, and is still democratically conditioned with one honest man that can earn a living as good as any other. But not many of them will consent to do their fortune-hunting at home. Most of them will go to the city, where existence has some ginger and there are prizes worthy the benedictary of higher education. There they will live in hall bedrooms up dingy streets. They will nearly break their necks morn and night to catch the elevated, and wish they had quite broken them after they are ground into its jam. They will find that the city knows democracy no more, but is a place of classes that fight one another over the spoils. Business and the professions will look as overcrowded as the elevated. Many times they will yearn for the shade of the oak in the yard at home and a taste of mother's pie.

In the fullness of time a certain proportion of them—let us hope it will be ninety-nine per cent.—will succeed in some measure, and by that time they will find that their measure of success is this: to be able to go back to the country and live where they might have been all the time.

The country town offered them little. They could only get an interest in a dry-goods store, or work into a practice at law or medicine that would pay two or three thousand a year. But it required very little, and the two or three thousand would go as far as six or eight go in the city.

They knew this very well, but it seemed to them that Life is in the city. Perhaps it is—until the time comes when it seems just as clear that Life is in the country. It is more and more a matter of every-day experience that country youth is no more anxious to get into the city, where a man has a chance to do business, than city middle age is to get into the country

It hurts the small boy to get a stone-bruise on his heel Also, it distinguishes him. He can show it to admiring companions who never had a stone-bruise. When the man has lived in the city and gets back to the country he is distinguished. He can show his stone-bruises.

A Power for Temperance

THE big corporations with their rules against drinking are doing a wonderful work for temperance. But more significant than their rules is the fact that they are able to enforce those rules. Twenty years ago these men would have kept on drinking, and the corporations would have had to yield, for twenty years ago it was among the best classes of workers that the drink habit had the most slaves.

The real cause of the improvement in this and every other direction is the simple enlightenment of public opinion. The habit of obedience to the clear mandates of public opinion is so ancient and powerful that it may be called instinctive and imperative. The public opinion that laughs at the man who varies his dress very far from the recognized standard has its way. The public opinion that causes the lip to curl contemptuously at sight of the fellow who has let a thief in at his mouth to steal away his brains also has its way.

Often "silly" is a stronger word than "sinful," and "Don't-be-an-ass" goes where "Don't-do-wrong" wouldn't

When Optimism Fails

THAT great and growing organism, the American people, is in rude and ruddy health. But it has boils and measles, mumps and chicken-pox, scarlet fever and summer complaint, a frightful toothache now and then, and furious growing pains. And as long as the great organism lives, so long will it be afflicted with the ills inevitably incidental to all things human.

There's no cause for fright over these Wall Street swindlers and Chicago rioters and lynchers, North and South. Optimism is not only wise; it is true, but not the optimism which the lying politicians and financial "confidence" men shriek—no optimism that involves even a moment's cessation of the struggle to throw off the disease and outgrow the growing pains.

As Alfred Henry Lewis puts it: "The grabbers in politics and finance are thinking about you; you'd better be thinking about them."

Evolution and Race Suicide

A MEDICAL writer has developed a point of view in the race suicide discussion which is both new and suggestive, but which does not, perhaps, quite dispose of the questions at issue. The class of people whose descendants will rule the earth some centuries hence, he says, is that which now produces families of the size most perfectly adapted to its environment, and therefore best fitted to survive. Just what size of family this is, it is not possible at any given time to predict: "So we need not worry over the question in the least, for Nature will mind her own business, as she always does." It is one of the immutable laws of life that the size of families decreases in proportion as intelligence advances, and with it the complexity and cost of life. "The upper classes tend to disappear, and their small birth-rate is of no special significance

There is a lot of cold, hard sense in this. The laws which govern human life are far more nearly related to the laws which determine the fate of the animals than the sentimental moralist is prepared to admit. Yet after all has been said, man's power of observation and reason does constitute a factor in evolution—a factor which may work equally for good or for bad. There are limits both of health and of money beyond which it is obviously sinful for the most patriotic and altruistic to have children; and, after allowing as we may, and must, for the exigencies of particular cases, it is just as obvious that it is wrong for the normally circumstanced man to have none.

In dealing with the domestic animals, and even with plants, we have achieved results far beyond anything possible to Nature unaided by human intelligence and care And the progress of our own kind, moral, intellectual and physical, is also to be achieved only by the mating and perpetuation of its strongest and ablest types. The problem is not an easy one. But what great problem is? One of the most striking ways in which Nature has minded her own business is by giving us intelligence, with the aid of which we can mind it for her by improving and perpetuating the best of her gifts.

The End of Northern Securities

REPORTS have it that an agreement has at length been reached in respect of the Northwestern railroad situation, the main point being, of course, that the two great systems represented respectively by Hill and Harriman shall work together in harmony.

The reports are inherently probable, because some such agreement was a financial necessity. If it has not actually come, it will come, and the net result of the Government's fight against the Northern Securities merger will be to leave the Northern Pacific and Great Northern cheek by jowl as they were before the suit was started.

The Northern Securities case gave the Government its most famous anti-trust triumph. It was a brave victory on paper, but it was of no substantial value. No other paper victory, under the Sherman or any other act that pretends to set up active competition between concerns which have found that their profit lies in combination and not in competition, ever will be of any substantial value. This applies to the so-called beef trust litigation and to all litigation of that sort.

It is all very well to decree by statute that the dogs shall fight, even to drag them forth, take off their muzzles and cry: "Sick 'em!" They may go through the motions, but, if they have discovered by experience that they can get more bones by not fighting, they will be winking at each other with the off eye.

Whenever Congress gets around to an understanding of this simple principle of human and canine nature—which may be some time in the next half-century—it will stop wasting governmental energy in the futile attempt to keep competition alive after the real motive for the competition—that is, the profit of the competitors—has ceased to operate. And it will then turn governmental energy in directions where something may be accomplished.

A year hence, in all human probability, no patron of the Northern Pacific or Great Northern will know, save as a matter of history, that the Government won its great anti-merger suit—any more than thousands of patrons of other combinations are now able to tell that those combinations have been solemnly banned by the law.

In any undertaking the most important beginning is to find out what can and what cannot be done.

The Time to Learn

WHETHER or no the mind ceases to be creative at about forty, certain it is that the mind's most active period is between birth and thirty or thirty-five. That is the period of acquiring ideas, for broadening and deepening the knowledge of the factors in one's life game, whatever it may be. Every hour counts, for every hour power that could be stored up for use after forty is going to waste.

The big real successes of the world have, most of them, been made after forty—many of them as late as sixty, a few as late as seventy. But in each case it was by the use of power stored before forty.

There is the reason why common-sense feels mingled indignation and pity at the spectacle of a bright young man storing up for use after forty a knowledge of how to play poker and "bridge" and billiards, of how to make love to the ladies, or fill a parlor with laughter over tricks, or fill a moonlight night with the tinklings of a guitar.

The Lonely Kings

IT IS the craze just now to "roast" the Czar, and, by implication, all other "crowned heads." And there is much justification for epithet in the conduct of royalties, cloaking the meanest selfishness behind hypocritical shams. But are not these people the direct result of their false and foolish training that deliberately isolates them from all knowledge of and sympathy with life as it is lived by the masses of mankind?

How many of these democratic-republican roasters of royalty are themselves bringing up their own children in ways that tend to precisely the same results as the conventional royal training? How many Americans are emphasizing *class* instead of emphasizing *character* in selecting the associates of their children?

Merchants the Salesman Meets

By Charles N. Crewdson

"Who Doesn't Know That Pompous Know-it-all?"

Tales of the Road

YES, we strike some queer merchants on the road, boys," said the children's clothing man. "I ran into one man out west of here and it did me a whole lot of good to get even with him. He was one of those suspicious fellows who would trust to his own judgment about buying goods rather than place faith in getting square treatment from the traveling man. You all know how much pleasure it gives us to trump the sure trick of one of this kind. I don't believe that merchants, anyway, know quite how independent the traveling man feels who represents a first-class house and has a well-established trade. Not many of the boys, though, wear the stiff neck, even though their lines are strong and they have a good cinch on their business. There isn't much chance, as a general thing, for any of us to grow a big bump of conceit. A man who is stuck on himself doesn't last long, no matter how good the stuff is that he sells. Yet, once in a while, he hfts up his bristles.

"A few seasons ago I sold a man—you all know whom I mean—about half of his spring bill, amounting to $600. He gave the other half to one of the rottenest lines that comes out of this country. When I learned where my good friend had bought the other half of his bill, I felt sure that the following season I would land him for his whole order; but when I struck him that next season he said: 'No, I've bought. You can't expect to do business with me on the sort of stuff that you are selling,' and he said it in such a mean way that it made me mad as blazes. Yet I threw a blanket around myself and cooled off. It always harms a man, anyway, to fly off the handle. I wasn't sure of another bill in the town, as it was getting a little late in the season.

"After he had told me what he did, he started to wait on a customer and I went to the hotel to open up. Just as I was coming through the office I met another merchant in the town who handled as many goods as my old customer, and I boned him right there to give me a look. 'All right,' said he, 'I will, after luncheon. Come down about half-past one when all the boys are back to the store and I'll run over with you.' You know it sometimes comes easy like that.

"I sold him his entire line, and he was pleased with what he bought, because the old line he had been handling, he told me frankly, had not been giving satisfaction.

"Just for curiosity's sake I dropped in on my old man. I wanted to find out exactly what he was kicking about, anyway.

"'Now, what's the matter with this stuff I've sold you?' I asked him.

"'Well, come and see for yourself,' said he. 'Here, look at this stuff'—and he threw out three or four numbers of boys' goods. 'That's the punkest plunder,' said he, 'that I ever had in my house.'

"I at once saw that the goods he showed me were the other fellow's, but I kept quiet for a while. 'Look at your bill,' said I. 'There must be some mistake about this.' He turned to the bill from my house and he couldn't find the stock numbers. 'Well, that's funny,' said he. 'Not at all,' I replied. 'Look at the other man's bill and see if you don't find them.'

"Well, sir, when he saw that the goods he was kicking about had come from my competitor's house he swore like a trooper and said to me: 'I will simply countermand this order I have given and I'll go right up with you and buy yours.'

'No, I guess not,' said I. 'When I came in this morning you condemned me without giving me a full hearing and you weren't very nice about it, either, so I've just placed my line with your neighbor. I will show you the order I have just taken from him,' I added, handing over my order-book."

"That must have made you feel good," spoke up the shoe man. "I had pretty much the same sort of an experience this very season down South here. I had been calling on a fair-sized merchant in the town for a couple of years. The first time I went to his town I sold him a handful. The next time I sold him another handful. The third time I called on him he didn't give me any more business than before. I had just about marked him down for a piker. You know how we all love those pikers, anyway! Those fellows who buy a little from you and a little from the other fellow—in fact, a little from every good line that comes around—just to keep the other merchants in the town from getting the line and not giving enough to any one man to justify him in taking care of the account or caring anything about it. He was one of those fellows who would cut off his nose and his ears and burn his eyes out just to spite his face.

"This trip, as usual, I sold him his little jag. I didn't say anything to him, but thought it was high time I was going out and looking up another customer. I finally found another man who gave me a decent bill—between seven and eight hundred dollars—and he promised me that he would handle my line right along if the stuff turned out O. K. He said he wasn't the biggest man in the town at that time, but that his business was growing steadily and that he had just sold a farm, and was going to put more money into the business and enlarge the store. He struck me as being the man in the town for me

"My piker friend had seen me walking over to the sample-room with this other man. When I dropped around, after packing up, to say good-by, he said to me: 'I saw you going over to your sample-room with this man down street here. I suppose, of course, you didn't sell him anything?'

"'To be sure I did,' said I. 'Why—why shouldn't I? You haven't been giving me enough to pay my expenses in coming to this town, much less to leave any profit.'

"'Well, if you can't sell me exclusively you can't sell me at all,' said he, rearing back.

"'All right,' said I. 'I won't sell you at all if that's the case. Here's your order. Do with it what you please. In fact, I won't even grant you that privilege. I myself shall call it off.' And with this I tore up his order."

"Served him right," said the men's clothing man. "Did you ever know Grain out on the Great Northern?"

"Sure," said the shoe man. "Who doesn't know that pompous know-it-all?"

"Well, sir, do you know, that fellow isn't satisfied with any one he deals with, and he thinks that this whole country belongs to him. He wrote me several seasons ago to come out to see him. He had heard one of the boys speak well of my line of goods. I went to his town and the first thing I did was to open up. Then I went into his store and told him I was all ready.

"'I've decided,' said he, 'that I won't buy anything in your line this season.'

"'You will at least come over and give me a look, considering that I have come over at your special request, will you not?'

"'No, no! No is no with me, sir.'

"I couldn't get him over there. He went into his office and closed the door behind him. I had hard lines in the town that season. I went up to see another man and told him the circumstances, but he said, 'No, I don't play any second fiddle,' and I didn't blame him a bit.

"I had made up my mind to mark this town off my list, but, you know, business often comes to us from places where we least expect it. This is one of the things which makes road life interesting. How often it happens that you fully believe before you start out that you are going to do business in certain places, and how often your best-laid plans 'gang aglee!'

"Another man in this town wrote in to the house (this was last season) for me to come to see him. In his letter he said that he was then clerking for Grain and he was going to quit there and start up on his own hook. Somehow or other, the old man got on to the fact that his clerk was going to start up and that he had written in for my line. He was just that mean that he wanted to put as many stones in the path of his old clerk as he possibly could, and I don't know whether it was by accident or design that Grain came in here to Spokane the same day that his old clerk did. At any rate, they were here together.

"Just about the time I had finished selling my bill to Mr. Grain's clerk, the old man 'phoned up to my room that he would like to see me. This time he was sweet as sugar. I asked him over the 'phone what he wished. He said: 'I'd like to buy some goods from you.' 'Don't care to sell you,' I answered over the wire. His old clerk was right there in the room then, and he was good, too. He had got together two or three well-to-do farmers in the neighborhood and had organized a big stock company, with the capital stock fully paid up. The whole country had become tired of Grain and his methods, and a new man stood a mighty good chance for success—and you know, boys, what a bully good business he has built up.

"'Why, what's the matter?' 'phoned back the old man.

"'Just simply this: that I have sold another man in your town, and I don't care to place my line with more than one,' I answered.

"'Who is it?' said he. I told him.

"'Well, now, look here,' he came back at me. 'That fellow's just a tidbit. He thinks he's going to cut some ice out there, but he won't last long, and if you'll just simply chop his bill off I'll promise to buy, right now, twice as much as he has bought from you.'

"If there's a man on the road who is contemptible in the eyes of his fellow traveling men it is the one who will solicit a countermand; and the merchant who will do this sort of a trick is even worse, you know, boys, in our eyes.

"One of Those Fellows Who Would Cut Off His Nose and His Ears and Burn His Eyes Out Just to Spite His Face"

"'I Am a Seek Man'"

"'What do you take me for?' I 'phoned back. 'I'm very glad to have a chance, sir, to give you a dose of your own medicine. You can't run any such a sandy as this on me!' And I hung up the 'phone without giving him the satisfaction of talking it out any further. To be sure, I would not go downstairs to look him up."

"Well, that must have pleased the old man's clerk," said one of the boys.

"Sure it did He touched the button and made me have a two-bit straight cigar on him."

"You got even with him, all right," said one of my hat-man friends who was in the party; "but let me tell you how a merchant down in Arkansas once fixed me and my house."

"Old Benzine?" said the shoe man.

"Sure; that's the fellow! How did you hear about it?"

"Well, my house got it in the same way yours did."

"Ah, that fellow was a smooth one!" continued the hat man. "He had burned out so often that he had been nicknamed Benzine, but still he had plenty of money, and though my house knew he was tricky, they let him work them.

"I didn't know anything about the old man's reputation when I called on him. He had recently come down into Arkansas—this was when I traveled down there—and opened up a new store in one of my old towns. I didn't have a good customer in the town and, in shopping about, fell in on Benzine

"He kicked hard about looking at my goods when I asked him to do so. He knew how to play his game, all right. He knew that I would bring all sorts of persuasions to bear upon him to get him started over to my sample-room, and just about the time he thought I was going to quit he said: 'Vel, I look, but I von't gif you an orter.' Of course that was all I wished for. When a man on the road can get a merchant to say he will look at his goods, he knows that the merchant wishes to buy from somebody in his line, and he feels that he has ninety-nine chances in a hundred of selling him.

"That afternoon old Benzine came over and he was mean. He tore up the stuff and said it was too high price, and everything of that kind. He haggled over terms and started to walk out several times. He made his bluff good with me and I thought he was gilt-edged. Finally, though, I sold him about a thousand dollars. The old man had worked me, all right. Now he began to put the hooks into the house.

"The same day that my order reached the house there came a letter from Benzine saying that he had looked over his copy and wished they would cut off half of several items on the bill. Ah, he was shrewd, that old guy! He was working for credit. He knew that if he wrote to have part of his order cut off, the credit man would think he was good. My house couldn't ship the bill to him quickly enough, and they wrote asking him to let the whole bill stand. He was shrewd enough to tell them no that he didn't wish to get any more goods than he could pay for. That sent his stock with the house a-sailing. But the old chap wasn't done with them yet."

An Ordeal by Fire

"About six weeks before the time for discounting he wrote in and said that, as his trade had been very good indeed they could ship additional dozens on all the items that he had cut down to half-dozens, and, in this way, he ran his bill to over $1,500.

"You got a good one out of him that season, all right.

"Yes—where the chicken got the ax! As soon as old Benzine had run in all the goods he could he did the shipping act. He left a lot of empty boxes on his shelves, but shipped nearly all of his stock to some of his relatives—or, then, in came the coal-oil can once more.

"I didn't vet get six money out of him at all," one of the boys asked.

"Money!" said the shoe man. "Did you ever hear of anybody getting money out of old Benzine across they got it before the goods were shipped? If ever there was a stenlomaniac he was it, sure!"

Most merchants," said another salesman, 'are easy to get along with. They have so many troubles thrown upon them that as a rule they make as few for us as they can. Once in a while we strike a merchant who gets smart—"

"But he doesn't win anything by that," observed the clothing man.

"No; you bet not! I used to sell a man down in the Valley who tried a trick on me. I had sold him for two seasons and his account was very satisfactory. Another man I knew started up in the town and he was willing to buy my goods from me without the brands in them. I remained loyal to my first customer in not selling the new man my branded goods. In fact, about the only difference between a great many lines of goods is the name, as you know, and a different name in a hat makes it a different hat. In all lines of business, just as soon as one firm gets out a popular style, every other one in the country hops right on to it, so it is all nonsense for a salesman not to sell more than one man in a town when the names in the goods are different, and the merchant, when such is the case, has no kick coming on the man who sells one of his competitors.

"Well, everything was all right until Fergus, customer No. 2, sent in a mail-order to the house. They, by mistake (and an inexcusable one—but what can you expect of underpaid stock-boys?), shipped out to him some goods branded the same as those my first customer, Stack, had in his house. Fergus wrote in to me and told me about the mistake. He didn't wish to carry the branded goods any more than the other man wished him to, and asked that some labels be sent him to paste over his boxes

"I was in the house at the time and sent out several labels to Fergus. At the same time I wrote to Stack, very frankly telling him of the mistake, and saying that I regretted it, and all I could say about it was that it was a mistake, and that it would not occur again. Instead of taking this in good faith, he immediately came out with a flaming 'ad.':

EVERY MAN
IN THE COUNTY
Should appreciate the following:
LEOPARD HATS, $2.00
SOLD EVERYWHERE FOR $3.00 AND $3.50

"His goods had really cost him twenty-four dollars a dozen, and he was merely aiming to cut the other man's throat, but he didn't know how he was sewing himself up. I wrote him:

"'*My good friend:* I have always believed that you felt kindly toward me, and now I am doubly certain of it. All that I have a right to expect of my best friends is that they will advertise my goods only so long as they keep on carrying them but you have done me even a greater favor. You are advertising them for the benefit of another customer, although you have quit buying from me. Let me thank you for this especial favor which you do me, and should I ever be able to serve you in any way, personally, command me.'"

How He Saw the Point

"Well, how did he take that?" I asked

"Oh, he didn't really see that he was advertising his competitor, and he came back at me with this letter:

"'Your valued favor of the 30th to hand. I assure you that you owe me no debt of gratitude, as I am always glad to be of service to my friends, and, under no circumstances, do I wish them to feel under obligations to me. I would be only too glad to sell the Leopards at one dollar each, provided they could be bought at a price lower than that from you. But at present any one can purchase them from me at two dollars each, which "should be appreciated by every man in the county." With kindest regards, very truly yours.'"

"Well, how did you fix him?" said the shoe man

"Fix him? How did you know I did?"

"Oh, that was too good a chance to overlook!"

You bet I was! When I went into the house a few days afterward I picked out some nice clean jobs in Leopards and I sweat the sale into the price so that Fergus could sell them at one dollar and fifty cents apiece and make a good profit. I then steered him on to Stack, and there was merry war. In the beginning, as I fancied he would do, Stack got a man in after his town to send in to my house and pay the regular price for my goods and he continued to sell them at two dollars each. After he had loaded up on them pretty well, my other man began to put them down to one dollar and seventy-five cents, one dollar and sixty cents, one dollar and fifty cents, and forced my good friend to sell all he had on hand at a loss. That deal cost him a little bunch."

"I have a customer," said the furnishing-goods man, "who beats the world on complaints. Every time I go to see him he must always tell me his troubles before I can get around to doing business with him If you put business at him pointblank it isn't very long before he twists the talk. So now I usually let him tell his troubles before I say anything to him about business. The last time I went in to see him—he is Sam Moritsky, in the clothing business down in Los Angeles—I said: 'Hello, Sam, how are you?' He answered:"

A Contented Man

"'Der Talmud id say, "Happy ees de man who ees contentet," but it says in anodder place, "Few are contentet." I'm a seek man. De trobble in dis vorld ees, a man vants bread to leeve on ven he hasn't got dot. And, ven he gets de bread, he ees sotisfite only a leetle vile. He soon vants butter on id. Ven he gets de butter, in a leetle vile he vants meat, and den he vants vine and a goot cigar—and ven he gets all dese t'ings, he gets seek. I am a seek man.

"'Vonce I vanted a house on Cap'tol 'ell (Capitol Hill)—seex t'ousand tollars it costet. Eef I got feefteu undret could haf borrowed dot much—I vould haf bought id, but I couldn't get dot feeften 'undret, and now I am glat. It vould have costet seexty-fife tollars a mont' to leeve, and den I haf to geeve a party and a sopper and somet'ings and I make a beeg show—a piano for my dotter, a fine dress for my vife, t'eater and all dot, and first t'ing I know, *muhulla!* I go broke).'

"'Vell, it's all ride eef I vasn't a veek man. Dey say dese ees a goot country. I say no. My fadder's family vants to come to dese country I say no In Russia a man he haf a goot time. Vriday night he close de store at seex o'glock He puts on his Sonday clothes beeg feast all day Sonday, dance, vine, lots of goot t'ings Veek days he geds down to beezness at eight o'glock at ten o'glock he has coffee, and den in a leetle vile he goes home and eats lonch Den he takes a nap De cheeldon, dey valk on der toes t'rough de room 'Papa's asleep,' dey say Seex o'glock he come home, beeg deener, he smokes hees pipe, goes to bet—and de same t'ing over again

"'I vork so hard in dese country. I am a seek man. Here I vork sefen days in de veek from sefen in de morning to elefen at night, and sometimes twelf. Only vonce last year I go to t'eater in de afternoon. Ven I com' home I catch 'ell from my vife. She say "You safe money, Sam, and ve got oud of dese bondage," and I say I must haf a leetle recreations. Sonday all day I keep open. Von Sonday night I say I go home and take my vife and my cheeldon and I go to t'eater. Ven I go to put de key into de door here comes a costomer een, and I sell eem tventy-fife tollars—feeften tollars brofit. I vould haf lost dot feeften tollars eef I had glosed op

"'Besides, here at dis place all de family helps. Even my lettle goil, she goes oud to buy me cigar von day, and she ask de man dot sells de cigar to buy somet'ing from papa. He vants some boys' shoes. I haf none. She goes across de streedt and buys a pair und sells dem for a tollar—feefty-five cents brofit. I gif my leetle goil a neeckle and I keep de feefty cents. Dot's de vay it goes. I could not do dot eef I leefed on Cap'tol 'ell

I am a seek man but I am better off as de man who leefs on Cap'tol 'ell. He is so busy He has his deener in de store He has so many trobbles because he vants to make hees furtune bigger Vat's de use? Here I am contentet I go upstairs and nottng bothers me vile I eat deener Now I say vat de Talmud say ees right. "Happy ees de man who ees contentet." Eet vould be all righdt eef I vas not a seek man.'

"When he got through with this speech I chewed the rag with him about business for half an hour, as I always had to do, finally telling him, as a last inducement which I always throw out, that I had some lots 'to close.' This was the only thing that would make him forget that he was a seek man. And when I get right down to it, I believe I get more actual enjoyment out of selling Sam than from any customer I have."

"Not a Mark of the Irons."

The Pneumatic Golf Ball refuses to be "done up" by the most vicious top-shots.

Keeps smooth and round and free from cuts and gashes.

It is made from Pure Para Rubber—that's why.

It's the best resilient known.

The Pneumatic Golf Ball has unequalled flight and "putts like a billiard ball."

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50c each. $5.50 per dozen, prepaid If not at your dealer's we will supply you direct. Catalogue free.

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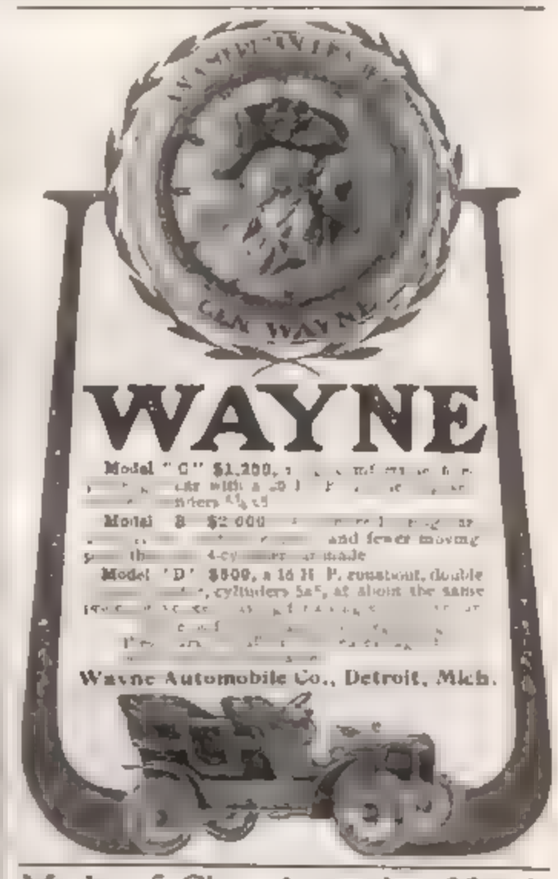
The Pneumatic Golf Ball



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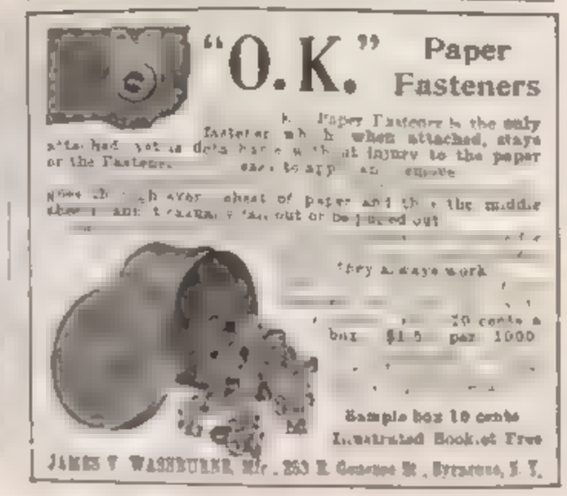
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The Pneumogastric Nerve

(Continued from Page 6)

straight out from his angry upper lip. "Are you anxious to kill this man? Back to the lazaret for you—and here, you—you, steward. What's your name?"

"Matsumu, sir," said the Jap, passing with a basket of dishes.

"Feed this man—this bloody-minded murderer—bread and water from this on, with the full ration every five days. That's according to the new fool law. No more exercise! Come on"

While the suffering steward sat up and looked after him, the equally dumb and suffering Beresford was dragged aft and again immured in his prison. But he did not regret the experience. As he lay there, aching in every joint and bone, the rage and hate within him found expression in a hoarse, formless whisper that had neither beginning, nor end, nor volume—that was neither a prayer nor a curse, but which calmed and comforted him. Exercise was good for him; his speech was returning.

IV

BUT bread and water were *not* good for him—except in the way of experience—and though he flexed his muscles continuously, which in the limited space was the only form of exercise possible—yet two of the five-day periods had passed before he could articulate in a whisper. After each of the "full ration" days there was a marked improvement, but the succeeding bread and water barely kept him alive. He saw no more of the Jap—his meals were brought by a dull, thick-witted German boy who could hardly speak English. He tried none of his growing vocal powers upon this boy, and did not regret the absence of the Jap; for there had come to him a conviction of the utter hopelessness of any sympathy or help from that quarter, and the futility of any appeal in writing to the captain. He would wait until he could speak—until his personality was complete.

The hatch was left off to give him ventilation, and he could see and hear a little of what was going on above. He made out the growing huskiness and peevishness in the captain's voice as he yelled his orders to the crew, or complained to himself of the responsibility of his position—at sea with both mates incapacitated. Occasionally there was evidence of liquor in the tones; the captain was keeping up on stimulants. Beresford learned to recognize the voices of the men as they took the wheel and answered the course; but one calm night, when his thick-witted attendant was at the wheel, he heard new voices above.

They were low-pitched and somewhat tremulous, but he soon recognized the speakers.

"Is—he—asleep?" asked one, enunciating his words slowly—almost as slowly as Beresford's limited speech

"Tryin' to," said the other. "But he's been so long without it that he can't sleep. Nervous-like. Been that way myself."

"Stuck—on—that—little—devil—he's—made—steward. How—he—did—it—I can't—make out. All the—life went—out o' me—at once."

"And he sent me through the air like a football. He's strong as a horse"

"Not—stronger—than me." There was a grim note in the halting words. "I'll send—him through—the—air some night—over the—rail. Wait—till I—turn to again."

"If you don't I will!"

"Not—so loud. Who's—got the—wheel?"

"It's all right. Weiss—he can't talk Dutch, let alone English. How long'll the skipper keep that lunatic in irons?"

"All the—passage. He's—afraid—of him."

A lumbering footstep sounded on the companion stairs, then the captain's voice rumbled out on the night. "You might as well get off the deck, the pair o' you! I can't sleep. I'll never get to sleep any more. Go below; I'll watch her"

The two mates answered respectfully, and departed along the alley by the side of the cabin. Beresford rolled over to enjoy the sleep that had been interrupted, but could not succeed. The kicking of the rudder head annoyed him, and the heavy footfalls and wheezing, grumbling tones of the captain jarred on his nerves and kept him awake It seemed that insomnia was in the air, for at about three in the morning he heard other footfalls coming aft in the alley, and the captain's rough voice saying: "Well, what's the matter with you?"

"I can't slape, sir," said the Jap, his brogue sounding richer than usual. "I thought I'd come up for a brith of air, sir, and to ask ye can I make a slape machine o' me own invintion out o' the stuff in the lazaret?"

"You got it, too? Go ahead. You're the only man aboard worth a tinker's dam. Keep yourself in shape. But what's a sleep machine?"

"Just a little contrivance, sir, to stop the flow of blood to the brain—a spring wi' pads to compress the carotid artery."

"Where'd you learn about these things?"

"I was educated in Tokyo College, sir, before I wint to hell. Me father was a contractor, me mother a Japanese woman."

"Go ahead and make your machine."

"Thank ye, sir. I will to-morrow. I'll stick it out to-night."

"Go take a drink," said the captain with a little of impatience in the tone. "It used to put me to sleep."

"But there's very little left, sir. I didn't like to touch it."

"Do as you like. Let me alone."

The Jap softly crept away, and Beresford went to sleep

At about ten in the morning Matsumu dropped down from the hatch, and, paying no present attention to Beresford, rummaged among the spare stores until he secured what he wanted—an old, rusty sawblade

"Ah, ha!" he muttered, as he inspected it. "I think that will do. I'll cut it wi' the carpenter's shears, and temper it in the galley fire." Then he noticed Beresford watching him, and said: "Can ye talk yet, Mr. Beresford?"

Beresford shook his head. He could not—fluently.

"Thin I'm afraid, sir, that ye nivver will The nerve body's all right, or ye'd be like the mate. It's the motor filaments from the pneumogastric to the vocal chords that be paralyzed. It's all the better for me, considerin'—considerin' the"—his eyes took on their baleful look—"the way I was—considerin' the elegant slape machine I'm a-makin'"

Securing some old, light canvas, a palm and needle, and a ball of twine, he departed, leaving Beresford but little wiser for his words.

In a few days the prisoner could distinguish, by the voices of the two mates, that they had resumed duty, and by an occasional remark he learned that his friend the steward, though still unable to use his jaw, was performing light tasks about the cabin; but the consequent relief from responsibility brought the captain no ease from insomnia. He stormed about, night and day, and when at last it became apparent that the store of liquor was exhausted, the ship became a pandemonium. Men were knocked about and even the officers were struck by the half-mad giant.

"Matsumu!" he roared, one evening, down the after-companion, and Beresford heard the Jap's answer through the walls of the cabin trunk. "Where's that sleep machine o' yours? Is it any good?"

"Yes, sir; I haven't had a wakeful night since I made it."

"Let's have it. I must sleep, or go crazy! Where is it?"

"Suppose I make ye a better one to-morrow, sir—one for yersilf. Ye see, whin ye begin, sir, ye have to kape it up. Ye'll only kape me awake for the want of it, sir."

"Go get it, or I'll break your neck! Bear a hand, I say."

"Yes sir."

In a few moments the Jap's voice sounded from above. "Ye put it round yer neck, sir, from behind, so that the ends point to the front, and these pads press lightly on the carotid. That shuts off the blood supply to the brain, and ye go to slape."

"I'll try it."

His heavy footsteps sounded on the companion, and silence fell upon the ship and her people. His voice was not heard again, and the two mates commented upon the fact when the watches changed at midnight. Beresford was awake, listening.

"Did you see it?" asked Mr. Boyd, the first mate. "It's shaped like a horseshoe—just a thin band of steel, with pads on the ends—to go around the neck."

"No, I didn't see it—only I hope it works. He'll have us all crazy if he don't get to sleep soon."

"There's the Jap, nosing around the main deck. Says he can't sleep without his machine. Good chance to chuck him overboard"

"I may do it yet."

"Course east-southeast. Wind's creepin' round a little"

Mr. Smith answered, and Mr. Boyd departed to his berth. Beresford went to sleep, hoping as fervently as any one that the captain would enjoy a night's rest and be approachable in the morning; for he could enunciate distinctly now, and he felt that, if not unduly excited, he might impress the captain. He had prepared his first speech—a brief statement of his identity, followed by an avalanche of names—of agents, his other ships, and other shipowners, and as much of the line's history as he could rake out of his memories of conversation with his father.

But he never delivered that speech. He was wakened at daylight by the voice of Mr. Boyd, just above him, and rising from his bed of canvas he peeped up and saw him leveling a telescope at the horizon

"It's a torpedo-boat destroyer," he said to himself, and then repeated the call that had wakened Beresford: "Call all hands forrard, there! Steward, call the captain. He's fired a gun. He wants to speak us"

A torpedo-boat destroyer! For the first time since the wager in the club Beresford remembered the part Captain Baker was to play in case he lost the bet. Wild with hope and with excitement, he waited, while the sounds of the work going on—taking in kites and brailing up course—gladdened his soul to the point of thanksgiving prayer—almost to the point of speech.

In a very short time there was a megaphone hail from somewhere:

"Ship ahoy! Have you got Mr. George Beresford aboard that ship?"

Then the speech came, frantic and incoherent. "Yes, yes!" he stuttered up the hatch. "It's Captain Baker. Tell him I'm here, Mr. Boyd. I'm the owner. I was shanghaied. Tell him—tell him. Oh, God! please tell him."

"What—what?" said the mate, peering down the hatch at Beresford's excited face. "You—I thought you were dumb! The owner? The owner?

"I say!" he roared through his hands. "There's some one here, but I don't know anything about it. Where's the captain?" he added, in an undertone. "Steward, did you call the skipper?"

The steward's—not the Jap's—voice came from the companion: "He—he—he's dead, sir. He wouldn't answer."

"Dead!"

He was too far gone for the want o' slape, I think," wailed the voice of the Jap. "He died of reaction—some time in the night."

"Here!" yelled the mate. "You get off this poop, quick! The skipper dead?—I say," he called again through his hands. "We've just learned that the captain died in the night, and there is a man in irons who claims to be the owner. Will you send a boat?"

"Yes. Back your main yards."

The Jap's anxious face peered down on Beresford through the hatch. "Mr. Beresford," he said hoarsely, "don't gi' me away—plaze Say nothin' about the nerve, will ye, sir?"

"Didn't I tell you to get out o' here?" said the mate Then he lifted the Jap by the collar and he disappeared from Beresford's sight though his troubled voice came back to him as the mate hastened him along the alley

The other steward—he of the broken jaw and sense of injury—dropped down the hatch.

"Mr. Boyd orders me to unlock you, sir; and, if you please, sir, I never knew you was the owner."

"Never mind—never mind," said Beresford. "Unlock me, quickly; I hold no grudges."

In a moment he was free. He climbed to the deck and took the first real glimpse of sea and sky that he had enjoyed on that ship; for in his hurried trips along the alley, to and from the lazaret, he had been too agitated to take note of his surroundings. Men were at the main braces, looking curiously at him as they pulled.

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Mr. Boyd was on top of the house, overseeing the job. He, too, glanced curiously at Beresford. The man at the helm also stared furtively as he ground down the wheel. But Beresford looked only at the long, brown, four-funneled craft abeam with its one small signal-mast forward—from the yard of which small flags were now fluttering down, the Stars and Stripes flying from a jackstaff at the stern. Never in his life had that flag seemed so beautiful.

A boatful of men, with a blue-and-gold-clad officer in the stern-sheets, was coming. And even in the distance Beresford recognized Captain Baker.

"As I hadn't a man on board who could identify you, I came myself," he said as they shook hands on the main deck. "Well, this was carrying a bet and a practical joke to extremes, wasn't it? But I was ordered out of port before it happened. That telephone-call was from the Navy Yard, and I hadn't time to apprise you. Sorry, very sorry. How have you made out?"

"Oh, I've—lost the bet," gurgled Beresford hysterically. "But I've learned a lot. Yes, a whole lot of things!"

"How about the captain? Is he dead?"

"I don't know. They say so. I was locked up."

Mr. Boyd approached. "I hope you understand, sir," he said, "that we didn't know who you were."

"That's all right," responded Beresford; "but how about the captain?"

"I was just down, sir. Dead as a door-nail. He put a sleep machine on—a contrivance belonging to the Jap—and it seems to have strangled him. Want to look at him, sir?"

"No," said Beresford with a shudder. "There's nothing suspicious, is there?"

"No, sir. It just strangled him. The ends are buried in the side of his neck. Of course he's swollen."

"Can you take the ship on?"

"Yes, sir. I'm a past master, and so is Mr. Smith."

"Then go on. I'm anxious to get back."

They had almost reached the gangway when the Jap darted up to Beresford.

"Take me back wi' you, sir!" he pleaded. "I'm the only witness ye've got, sir. I'll help ye railroad Glasgow."

"I shall not proceed against Glasgow Mike," said Beresford calmly. "He was employed by a friend, with whom I had made a bet, to shanghai me. The whole thing must be hushed up."

Before Beresford reached New York he had done some strong, deep thinking; and when he, and Allerton, and Captain Baker, and Doctor Benson had foregathered again at the grill-room table to celebrate the payment of the debt, he regretted not taking the Jap back with him. He had asked Doctor Benson again about the exact whereabouts of the pneumogastric nerve.

"It passes down the side of the neck close behind the carotid artery," the doctor had answered. "According to the different degrees of pressure, it is inhibitory to speech, respiration and heart action."

Whereupon he did more strong, deep thinking; but when he read Captain Boyd's report of the voyage, and learned that one Matsumu of the crew had fallen overboard in a gale, he gave it up.

Some things are beyond philosophy.

Kansas Oil-Users

By Clarence H. Matson

NOT long ago a little group of business men in the Kansas oil district were discussing the outlook for the oil-producers. Each was more or less engaged in the oil business himself, and hence the subject was one of personal interest. The supply of oil was far beyond the demand; great quantities were standing in immense storage tanks, and the price of crude petroleum had been steadily dropping. Most of the producers continued to hold the Standard Oil Company responsible for depressing the price below what they thought it should be and for keeping competitors out of the market, but they also realized that the mere establishment of independent refineries will not, under present conditions, give them a market for all their oil. Kansas and the Indian Territory together yield about fifty thousand barrels daily, and at present the Mississippi Valley cannot possibly use all of this product.

"Our independent refineries will help some," said one of the group, "but they will not settle this question of a market for all our oil. It will be impossible to build refineries on a paying basis to use all the oil these fields produce, for the territory which the refineries can profitably reach will not take all our product. Our only salvation is to build a pipe-line to the Gulf of Mexico and export the oil."

This seemed to be a popular view, but after listening a few minutes a quiet man in the group remarked:

"It would be all right to have a pipe-line to the Gulf, but I don't think it necessary. I predict that within a few months both crude and refined oil will come into such general use as to make a good market for all we have."

An investigation of the uses to which crude oil has been put in some localities, and a study of certain new inventions, lead to the belief that the quiet man was correct. Yankee ingenuity is devising ways in which this product of the earth which has become so cheap, may be profitably utilized — not especially in order to make a market for it, but because its abundance makes its use a matter of economy.

A few years ago the chief, and almost the only, use made of petroleum was in its refined state as a luminant. Now, while it is still used very largely for illuminating purposes, its utility along other lines is rapidly widening, and the day is not far distant when these will overshadow its utilization for lighting purposes.

It is predicted that within a very few years the locomotives on most of the Western railroads will be using crude oil for making steam, and that the power-plants in the Middle West will also be burning it instead of coal. On the railroads too, the future will see hundreds and possibly thousands of motor-cars driven by gasoline, which will become the principal product of the refineries instead of the luminant, kerosene. Therefore, while the consumption of kerosene will not diminish, that of gasoline will so greatly increase that the output of the refineries will have to be far in excess of what it is at present.

Probably in no section of the country does crude oil enter more into the life of the community and play a more important part in it than in Southern California, which abounds in oil. In the city of Los Angeles the oil derricks crowd handsome residences in certain districts, and farther north, at Bakersfield, there are still more extensive fields. There the use of oil as a luminant is secondary to its utilization along other lines.

Petroleum furnishes the motive power for the great railroad engines which start eastward the transcontinental traffic from the Pacific coast. The tenders of the big locomotives are simply big tanks, filled with oil instead of coal. The Southern Pacific uses oil to run its engines not only in California, but across the deserts of Arizona and the plains of New Mexico to El Paso, and then on east to New Orleans. The Santa Fe does not use oil quite so extensively as the Southern Pacific, but it takes the place of coal on the coast lines and through Arizona, and also on some of the Santa Fe's Texas lines.

Petroleum, too, makes the steam which drives the stationary engines of Southern California. It is a much cheaper fuel than coal for factories and is more easily handled. It runs from the tank-cars into the storage-tanks that feed the furnaces, and no handling is required.

The storage-tanks resemble ordinary gas-tanks, and are built in centres utilizing crude oil for fuel. For instance, at Colton, a division point on the Southern Pacific, an immense tank stands beside the track. Eight or ten tank-cars of oil are run on to a siding, four-inch swivel hose connections are fastened to valves beneath them, and the oil from the entire string of cars is speedily drawn into the big tank. From there it is pumped up into a high tank, resembling an ordinary water-tank, and from that the tenders of the engines are supplied with oil in the same manner that the water-reservoirs of the engines are supplied with water. No coal-heavers are necessary.

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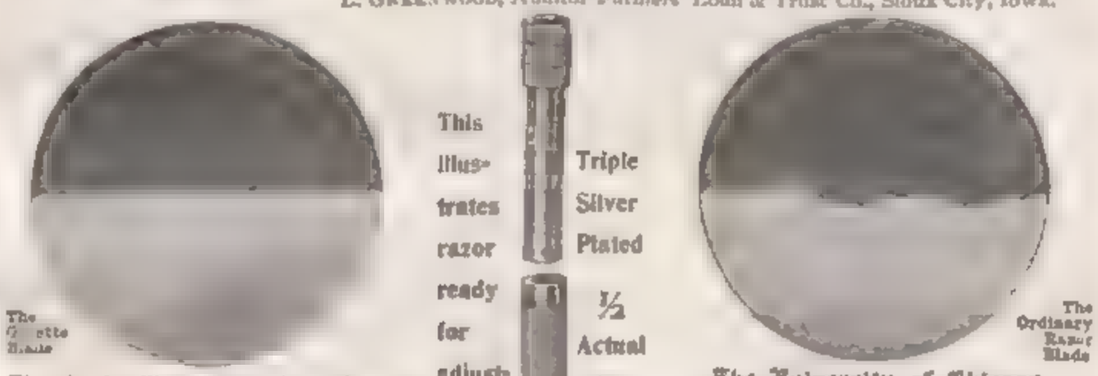

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Two miles from this big oil-tank at Colton is a pumping station which supplies the water for one of the canal systems for irrigating the California orange groves. A four-inch pipe leads from the big supply-tank to this station, and the force of gravity is sufficient to carry the oil to the pumping plant. The oil is fed into the furnaces and makes the steam to run the big pumps. At no time is it necessary to handle the oil in any other manner than to let it run through the pipes. It is much easier to handle than coal, and it is very much cheaper.

Another use made of crude oil by the railroads of Southern California is on the track-bed. The track is sprinkled with it and it completely does away with dust, keeps down the weeds, and preserves the bed by causing the rain to run off without "washing." The traveler on a Southern California train does not meet with cinders from the engine, for no coal is used, and there is no dust from the track to make traveling disagreeable. Crude oil is the preventive.

The Southern Pacific is now experimenting with an engine to use crude oil as gasoline is now used—by driving the piston with it direct by its explosive power, just as gasoline is used in gasoline engines. If this is successful, it will bring crude oil into still more general use for power purposes. It is claimed that an engine can carry enough oil to drive it a thousand miles if this method proves a success, and there will be needed only sufficient water to keep the cylinders cool.

One of the uses to which crude oil is best adapted in Southern California, and in which immense quantities are now used, is in road-making. Single counties in California are now using as much as fifty thousand barrels of petroleum a year on roads, and the amount is constantly on the increase. A foundation for the road is made similar to that for a macadam road and heated oil is then poured over it. Many of the country roads of Southern California which have been thus treated are as fine as the asphalt pavements of the cities, and the cost is, comparatively, so small that long stretches of country roads are being oiled each year. For this purpose, the heavy oils, containing the greatest amount of asphalt, are the most valuable. It is stated, however, that oiled roads are not a success where the winters are cold enough to freeze the ground, as the oiled earth cracks from freezing and "works up" as the frost leaves the ground.

Crude Oil's Economic Value

Railroads which run through the Kansas oil-belt are now inaugurating experiments in the use of oil in locomotives in that locality. These experiments are to ascertain the saving to be gained by substituting crude oil for coal. If they prove that the use of oil will effect a large saving—as they probably will—oil will be utilized for fuel on the railroads of Kansas, Missouri, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, and perhaps some of the other trans-Mississippi States. At present these roads consume many millions of tons of coal each year, and the consumption of coal in the West has been increasing more rapidly than the production.

Experiments are already under way looking to the substitution of oil for fuel in many of the manufacturing plants of the West. It has been used heretofore in a few plants in some of the cities, but freights have been so high that its use has not been general. The recent oil-rate legislation in Kansas has brought down the price, in that State at least, so that it can be used to advantage in a great many manufacturing industries.

For instance, the milling industry, which is a big thing in the West, depends upon steam power almost exclusively. And at present coal is used to make the steam. Several mills in the Kansas wheat-belt are already preparing to feed their furnaces with crude oil instead of coal. It is not only cheaper, but there is less labor required to feed the fires, and it makes a steadier heat. During the coming months, too, it will be utilized for running some of the threshing-machines which will thresh the ninety million bushels of grain soon to be harvested in the Kansas wheat-belt. Every threshing-machine is run by a steam engine, and fuel is one of the important items of expense.

Since crude oil has become so cheap in the West, numerous inventors have been at work on devices by which it may be used with economy for domestic purposes, and a number of these devices have already been patented. These alone will make a tremendous demand for oil, for it will be as easily used as gasoline, but it will be much cheaper and there will be no danger of explosions. It will be more generally used for cooking than gas can possibly be, for the people on the farms can have it as well as those in the towns.

Experiments are being made to test the use of crude oil on sandy roads in Southwestern Kansas, but unless new discoveries are made which render it more practicable it is doubtful if oil will ever be used in the colder latitudes in road-making to the extent it is in Southern California, because of the bad effect of the frost.

In addition to this increased consumption of crude oil, it is certain that there will also be a tremendous increase in the use of the refined product. It will not be surprising if the refineries of the United States are compelled to double their output in the next ten years, or in even less time. The great increase, however, will be in the consumption of gasoline instead of the luminant, kerosene.

New Uses for Gasoline

A few years ago, the well-known gasoline stove was about the only consumer of gasoline. The use of the stove has been steadily growing, but there is a possibility that crude oil may, in time, supplant it. In recent years, the gasoline engine has been creating a demand for gasoline in addition to that used for domestic purposes, and the demand is growing at a rapid rate.

The gasoline engine is also coming into use on the larger farms of the Middle West, and the day is not far distant when every well-equipped farm will have an engine of this type among its possessions. They are utilized to grind feed, shell corn, pump water, run the cream separators on dairy farms, and do many other things that are required about a farm of any considerable size.

Gasoline will come into use on the railroads in the immediate future. The Union Pacific has built an experimental car in its shops at Omaha, with gasoline as the motive power, and this car has proved so satisfactory that the road has placed a large order for others like it. Other roads are carrying out similar experiments with the same result.

The new car resembles a large electric car, except that a small space is set apart at one end for the gasoline motor. The Union Pacific's experimental car was equipped with a motor of one hundred horse-power and it made a speed of forty miles an hour. It is asserted that a speed of sixty miles an hour can be attained with proper trucks, and that the car can haul a common passenger coach up the heavy grades in addition to its own weight.

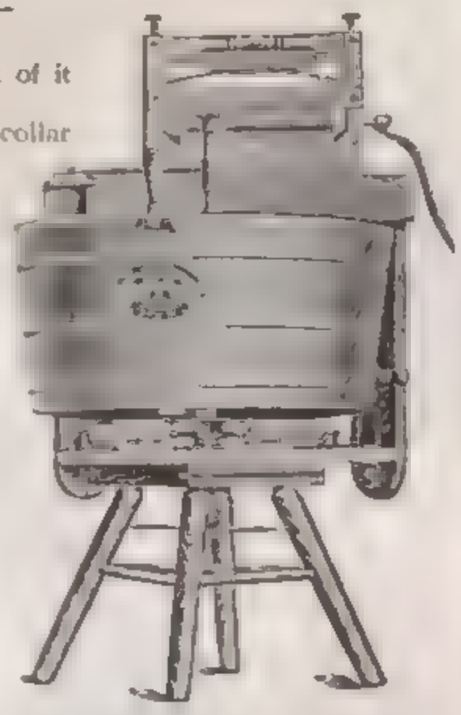
The Union Pacific will utilize these cars for suburban traffic in the cities on that system, and for passenger service on branch lines where the traffic does not demand heavy trains. They can be operated much more cheaply and more easily than regular passenger trains, and on minor branch lines they will handle all passenger traffic more satisfactorily than trains hauled by regular engines.

For heavy freight and through passenger traffic the steam locomotive will probably continue in use for years to come, but for lighter traffic and short passenger hauls the gasoline car is likely soon to come into general use.

Nearly all Western roads are already figuring on adding some of these automobile cars to their equipment. Several roads have placed orders for them. Their use will probably result in more frequent trains and increased travel because of lower rates and better facilities.

When these cars come into general use the demand for gasoline will be still further greatly augmented. Therefore, with the locomotives and manufacturing plants utilizing crude oil for making steam, and housewives using it for domestic purposes; and with the gasoline stove, the gasoline engine, the automobile and the motor-car burning the refined product in the shape of gasoline, in addition to the great quantities of kerosene used as a luminant, the theory of the quiet man in the Kansas oil-belt, that a comparatively short time in the future will see a greatly increased market for oil in the United States, seems to be correct.

How the Washboard wears out Clothes.



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I'll pay the freight too, so that you may test my offer entirely at my expense. Use it a month, free of charge.

If you like it then, you may keep it.

If you don't like it, send it back to me, at my expense.

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Do the Trusts Own the Capital?

(Continued from Page 9)

both of which classes seemed somehow to know what he had done and was doing. They assured him that he undoubtedly ought to have promotion, and that he undoubtedly would receive it. My friend felt that his future was roseate with promise of higher pay and a more conspicuous post.

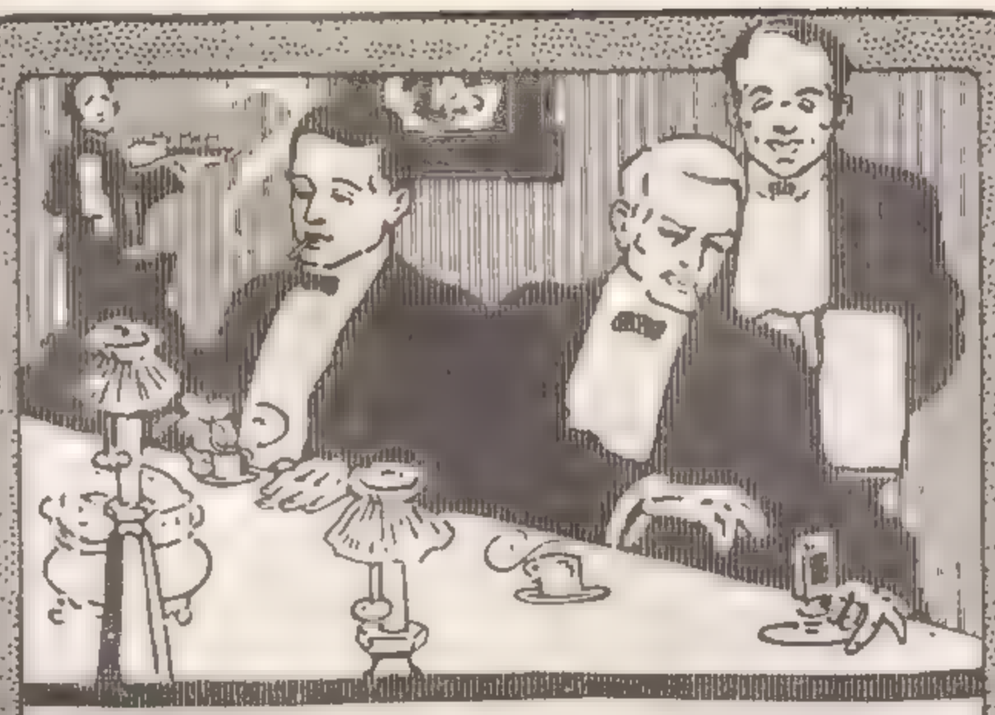
Scarcely a month after the November election had passed when he was made to realize that, instead of his future being of assured safety, it was beclouded. His flatterers ceased to flatter. In fact, their attitude now changed from one of approval to one of adverse criticism. The next step in his undoing was the application to him of the severest discipline of the Department, and that, too, at the hands of the chief clerk of the bureau under whose assignment he was working. Up to this time he had scarcely known that he was in any way amenable to the orders of that functionary. His dealings had been exclusively with the heads of his bureau and his Department. Being of a proud, not to say haughty, spirit my friend complained to no one of the change of his fortunes. Probably, had he gone to his bureau chief or the Secretary of the Department with a straightforward account of his troubles, he would have been relieved, at least temporarily, of the embarrassment that was grinding his soul. But, then, he was given plainly to understand—and this, too, for the first time—that, in order to reach either of these officials, he must first have the gracious permission of his chief clerk; that if he dared go over the head of the chief clerk he would violate both the spirit and the letter of the Civil Service law, and would accordingly have to suffer the penalty—dismissal for "inefficiency." The next and final step in his undoing was his assignment by the chief clerk to clerical work in the bureau—in other words, his reduction to the grade of an ordinary Government clerk.

The Department had not finished the Trust investigation on which my friend had been working, though for no cause explained or explainable to him he was taken from this work. Being a man of spirit, he resigned rather than submit to what he regarded as studied humiliation—and he is still wondering what "hit" him. I have since learned that he was entirely too vigorous and aggressive in his Trust investigation work to suit the Trust that he had been ordered to inquire into.

It would be absurd to charge the Secretary of the Department under whose auspices my friend worked with the least inkling of knowledge of this case. As I have said, both the Secretary and bureau chief had been warm in praise of his work. If they know he has quit their Department they doubtless think my friend tired of the Government service after a few months' experience and resigned of his own free will. But undoubtedly he was the victim of Trust influence somewhere along the line. The case is too plain to be questioned or further presented. His experience has become known among his former official associates. Can it be claimed that it will strengthen their determination to perform vigorously, fearlessly and well the duties of a similar nature assigned to them?

A lawyer of long experience and recognized ability in a State of the Middle West several years ago secured a place on one of the Departments as a special agent. In less than six months he uncovered a small spot on the rim of one of the best organized rings of grafters in the country. The members of this ring are scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Several of them were in the House of Representatives, and at least two were members of the Senate. Another member was the chief of a bureau in the Department for which the special agent worked. It so happened that the Secretary of the Department was not a seasoned politician. For this reason the plausible complaints made by men of great power against the "efficiency" of the special agent did not injure his standing with the Secretary, who instructed him to go on with the work in hand.

Then the grafters took a new tack. They induced the Republican leaders of the State to which the special agent was accredited to protest to the Republican administration against the further employment of this man, who was a Democrat and had entered



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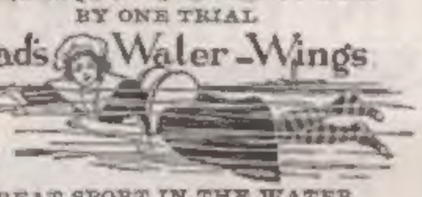

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the Department under Democratic auspices. But even this did not budge the Secretary. He kept close watch on the work and methods of the special agent and supported him heartily. The special agent continued to uncover the grafters. Grand Jury indictments have grown out of the work. But, just at the critical point of his operations, the special agent accepted the offer of a law partnership which is now bringing him fifteen or twenty thousand dollars a year against the three thousand dollars paid him by the Government. The grafters, without, presumably, the knowledge of the special agent, arranged the law partnership. They carried their point, which was to get him out of the Government service. By doing so, many of them, in all probability, have been saved from the shame of exposure which was forced upon their associates in crime by the former special agent who is now piling up a fortune through their favor.

The work started by him has proceeded no further. Several of the smaller grafters have been indicted. The big thieves doubtless have turned their criminal talents to other "jobs," and will probably never be overhauled, because the man who knows more about their plundering operations than anybody else not a member of their ring no longer feels that it is incumbent upon him to communicate his suspicions to the Department.

No better illustration of the danger that threatens the Government employee who runs amuck among the big special interests that thrive by various forms of favor shown them at Washington can be presented than the experience of Joseph L. Bristow. The country probably is—or at least is has had the opportunity to become—acquainted with the work performed by Bristow in uncovering the nauseating fraud and corruption in the Post-Office Department. Mr. Bristow was the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General when the corruption in the Department was called to the attention of President Roosevelt, first by persistent exploitation in an inconsequential Washington newspaper, and second by a relation of that whole shameful story to the President at first hand by the deposed editors of the paper in which the exploitation had been made. At the President's direction, General Bristow took charge of the investigation. As a result of his work, one of the most conspicuous bureau chiefs of the Post-Office Department is now serving a term in prison, two associates in his grafting operations are in the same prison with him, others are headed that way, and another bureau chief will soon have to stand trial.

But General Bristow is now a private citizen somewhere out in Kansas. He was forced to retire from the Department by having his personal and official pride humbled. The division of which he had supervision was cut down by the acts of his official superiors. The power of espionage over great interests which was vested in him as long as he had command of the finely trained force of Post-Office inspectors was taken from him. This so circumscribed his field of activity that he resigned his office. The President was not apprised of the situation until the time had passed to remedy it. Reluctantly he accepted General Bristow's resignation. General Bristow had not finished his work of hunting down the thieves and grafters. He is now a private citizen, without the power even if he has the inclination, to pursue the ungrateful task.

This case has had the effect appreciably to dampen the ardor, if not to curb the energy, of Government employees fearlessly to perform their duties. General Bristow was not called upon to deal with the Trust, using that term in its popular meaning, but, curiously enough, in mercilessly running down Post-Office Department thieves he incurred the implacable hostility of some of the most powerful special interests in the country. It is useless to say that those interests will pursue him remorselessly wherever his ambition may lead him for public place and honors. His undoing has had the direct and immediate effect of causing other men in the Government service at Washington to avoid undertaking the thankless work which he performed. And remember that these are the men upon whom, ultimately, the higher authorities must depend for the information upon which to base action under the law against the predatory interests that batten on the public through governmental favoritism or inactivity.

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The Young Man in the World

(Concluded from Page 2)

must start right in then and there to earn that very day's meals and that very night's resting-place—such men, as a usual thing, develop the glorious qualities of gratitude, consideration and deference.

I don't quite understand the psychology of this phenomenon and never knew any one who did understand it. But every one of the scores of observers with whom I have talked upon the subject have noted the same fact—the general ingratitude and lack of appreciation of young fellows who have everything to be grateful for, and the fine appreciation of life shown by young men who, in comparison, have nothing to be grateful for. Perhaps it is only a lack of thought, a want of analysis. If that is so in your case, young man, get to thinking. Instead of comparing yourself with some other man who has more than you, compare yourself with one who has less than you—or, better still, with one who hasn't anything at all. Then you will have a measure for the debt you owe to the two beings who have given and are giving you all you have or will have for a good many years to come.

And this other thing, too: When you begin to be grateful for these things by going through some such intellectual process as I have indicated, you will get so much more pleasure out of them than you did before that you will hardly be able to realize that you are the same man. Indeed you will not be the same man—you will be another, a bigger-hearted man, saner-minded, gentler and a manlier man. You will begin to be the kind of a man you would like to be if you sat down by yourself and went to work to make yourself over again.

This final word: The day must come when you must leave the old home. When that hour arrives do not try to tarry. Go right out into the world. Do not go mournfully. Give the little mother a smile of courage, a word of cheer that will be her guaranty that her boy is going to be a grand success. And then "*make good.*" You will hardly get away from the old home gate when you will stumble over an obstacle and fall down. Don't turn back to the old home to be comforted and helped. Get up, brush the dust off, forget your bruises and go ahead. Go ahead—and look where you are going.

Let the messages that you send back to the old home be joyful—full of faith. No matter how hard a time you are having, don't let "the folks at home" know it. Besides, you are not having such a hard time, after all. Hundreds of thousands of other men who have become splendidly successful had a great deal harder time than you are having, or ever dreamed of having. Just resolve to live up to what the home which reared you expects of you and work like mad on that resolve; and you will find that you are becoming all that "the folks at home" expected of you, and a good deal more.

Go back to the old home as often as you can; but be sure that you go back with words of cheer and a story of things done. "The folks at home"—and especially the mother—will want to hear all about it. There may be wars whose high-leaping flames illumine all the heavens; there may be political campaigns on hand where issues of fate are thrilling the nerves of the millions; there may be strange tidings from the council-board of the nations; there may be catastrophies and glories, scourges and blessings, famine or opulence; but any and all of these are of no interest to the mother compared with what *you* will have to tell her of *your* own puny little deeds. They are not puny deeds to her. They are quite the most considerable performances given in all the universe of men.

So let your tale to her be boldly told and lovingly. And be sure that it is a narrative of purity, things honorable and of good report. Return to the habit of your youth, and at her knees establish again the old confessional. And then, with your secrets handed over to her and safely locked in her heart, with her hand of blessing on your head and her smile of confidence, pride and approval glorifying her face, resolve to go out into the world again, where your place is, and be worthy of this new baptism of manhood you have again received in the sanctuary of the old home.

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A Californian who earned $1129 in April and May.

$184,000 in Cash

Paid to Saturday Evening Post Readers In the Last Six Months

MISS MARY EAGLEHOFF
Earned $667.60 in seven months —$214.40 last month.

MISS F. M. LAWRENCE
A New York girl who earned $1101 in Nov. and Dec.

During the last six months this great sum of money has actually been paid to those representing THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. As much more is yet to come, and YOU can have a part of it. We want some one in every town in the United States to look after our subscription business — to forward renewals and to solicit new business. A liberal commission on every subscription sent, and IN ADDITION a long list of cash prizes as extra incentives to good work between now and October 1. Remember: Every bit of work done, whether it be much or little, will be paid for. You cannot help earning something, and there is not one cent of expense to you.

JUST ASK FOR FULL INFORMATION

The Saturday Evening Post

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

ALEXANDER HEATH
A Bostonian who in nine months earned $6218.39.

W. H. GREGORY
An Ohioan who in the last three months earned $1053.70.

S. B. ZANE
Of Philadelphia, who in four months earned $1000.00.

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